

the Innis Herald

September 2001 - Issue 1

INNIS COLLEGE - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Cronenberg Receives Honourary Degree

MARK SELBY

Earlier this summer, Innis College played host to film director David Cronenberg as he accepted an honorary doctorate from his *alma mater*.

On the humid June afternoon, Robert Birgeau, president of the University (and practicing professor of physics) wondered if Mr. Cronenberg would explain why physicists were always depicted as "weird or dysfunctional" in the director's films. Kay Armatage, a founding member of the Cinema Studies program and Cronenberg advocate, briefly outlined Mr. Cronenberg's connection to the University, having been present to witness his first short, *Scario* (1969), which combined psychology with "avant-garde textual practices."

As Mr. Cronenberg finally made it to the podium, he first offered gratitude to the University and specifically Innis College for the "substantial honour."

Having graduated with a degree in English literature, he informed the packed Con-Hall that he had originally studied science and had hoped to become an organic chemist. At the time, friends of the lanky filmmaker were producing student films, and it was this initial experience that led him to become a scientist/filmmaker, supposing that the two were not mutually exclusive.

Mr. Cronenberg's speech encouraged the graduates to find their own niche within the overall system, a "system that creates meaning," to keep inventing and re-discovering and merging new thoughts and ideas with those already established.

Following the procession at Convocation Hall, there was an informal cocktail party held in the courtyard of the college, where faculty and students alike had an opportunity to speak with Mr. Cronenberg in person. Principal Frank Cunningham and Bart Testa introduced the director, who stood inconspicuously among the guests, and chatted freely with those approached.

The small invitation-only crowd stood inside the office lounge as Principal Cunningham thanked the honoured guests from Innis and various other departments at the University. Original one-sheets from various Cronenberg films lined the walls, while a buffet lunch was served around the perimeter.

Giving honourable mention to the staff at the college, Mr. Cunningham thanked the *Carrothead* cafeteria and audio-visual technician Dermot Brennan, whose compilation of choice moments from several of Mr. Cronenberg's films ran on a



loop in Town Hall throughout the afternoon.

Bart Testa's summary of Mr. Cronenberg's major impact on filmmaking was succinct and full of praise. Noting the "high recognition from his alma mater," Mr. Testa remembered that David Cronenberg "once had to endure harsh insults from English Canadian culturati." It still led, "for them [to] a kind of early recognition," and Mr. Cronenberg would later get credit for having "changed English Canadian cinema permanently."

Mr. Cronenberg spoke only briefly, joking that "I'm not going to make a speech. I'm just going to show you the speech I made," as he held up his speech for all to see. He thanked Mr. Cunningham and others responsible for the honour. He then made himself available to the assemblage, which evolved into a very generous hour of free interaction.

Senior students of the Cinema Studies program were among those fortunate enough to have received an invitation courtesy of the college (in association the Cinema Studies' Student Union). Several made time from their busy summer schedules

to be in attendance, bringing anything from posters to DVD's to be autographed.

The honour came to Mr. Cronenberg one week after Martin Short, another noteworthy Canadian personality, received his own doctorate from McMaster University in Hamilton. The director himself admitted that he was tempted to repeat Mr. Short's speech, given that it had been reprinted in newspapers, "but I have this one instead," he conceded.

The day concluded with a formal dinner at the President's house for faculty and guests.

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Editorial

Frosh is a very weird thing. You sit there thinking you're king or queen of high school in June and bam! In September, you're nobody. I mean, you're the lowest of bodies. But there's something fresh and exciting about that. You can be as exuberantly wild as you wish and blame it (or credit) Frosh week as the cause. And university, if at once is meant to diversify and expand our minds, also forces us into new roles besides the usual suspects in high school. Eg. the school jock, the cheerleader, the loner, etc.

So, at once you must be an artsy or an engineer. Those two are like oil and water. But like the jock who really played cello and read Dante, artsies can be closeted engineers (actually, this rarely happens. If this is you, write me. we need to talk.) or engineers hiding from any form of creativity and ensuring to carefully misplace words, not evoking any sense of emotion whatsoever.

To all those lost, welcome to the arts and lit section. We need help. Thoughts are best from many. There are three sections to arts and lit: book reviews, poetry and creative writing, and free thought. The best way to describe free thought is the Sex and The City column Carrie Bradshaw writes. If you feel you can contribute to any of the three, please email me @ jaimewoo@utoronto.ca because I would love your contributions to make the arts and lit section robust and strong.

Deadline for first articles/contributions is Friday, October 5, 2001.

Jaime Woo

Arts & Lit Editor

Toronto, The Good

ALIM LALANI

Mombasa.

Admit it, you all knew Beijing would win, but as idealistic Torontonians, you held a faint hope that we would take the 2008 summer Olympic games. After all, we played by the rules, made an excellent presentation to the IOC (International Olympic Committee), and even brought some of our "diverse minorities" to put on display. We SHOULD have won, right? It depends on how you look at it...

1. You must bring cash to the table when dealing with (read: bribing) the IOC in Moscow. AMERICAN dollars. The Chinese figured this out quickly. The French delegation didn't bring money, but instead brought a petition signed by Iraq and North Korea endorsing their bid, in exchange for France's support of their continuous efforts to berate American interests abroad. Canada? More novelty moose keychains. How about a few of cases of beer? They're in Russia, remember? You don't bring toothpaste to the dentist.

2. You have to wait until AFTER the voting to snicker about how little it took to bribe the African delegates. Toronto couldn't even get that far, after Mayor Mel decided that Africa wasn't as safe as Regent Park and refused to get off the plane in

3. Members of Toronto's Chinese community wildly celebrated Beijing's victory. Yes, I understand Toronto is wonderfully diverse. But cohesive? Obviously not. I just can't fathom a Westerner parading through the streets of Beijing reveling the Canadian bid. The red army tends to crush all dissidents, quite literally.

4. Apparently, Mike Harris' "guarantee" to make up any monetary shortfall wasn't good enough for the IOC.

5. In Beijing, the Olympic tourist can purchase all the knockoff CD's and Hello Kitty goods that they want, anywhere in the city. Canadian suckers have to travel all the way to North Toronto/Markham's Pacific Mall to receive the same.

6. The anti-Toronto anti-Olympic "Bread Not Circuses" coalition proved their ineptness by refusing to acknowledge that without this circus, there will be no bread!

Toronto's sports fans need not fret over this loss, after all, we have two significant possessions that China will never experience. Freedom. And Vince Carter.

Kodak

The Road Not Taken

KATE RUSNAK

Summer is winding down with only a few days left before the start of the new year – school year that is. Summer, and all of those icky aphids, has literally flown by. As I attempt to catch a few of those dog days' rays shining through the scrapers, I find myself gripped with a sense of urgency. I'm going into my third year in the Humanities at the University of Toronto – the top ranking University in Canada – yet I am as anxious about what lies ahead for me as a lemming should be at the cliff's edge. I am not alone.

It seems to me that feelings of worry and self-doubt are not uncommon among University students. They consume both newcomers to the university as well as those, like myself, who are sort of floating in the middle. For second year students, the real world is probably just beginning to rear its ugly head, rudely disrupting the often idealistic mindset of the stereotypical student with concerns about program choices, cancelled required courses and the sad state of the national economy. Then there are the students in the graduating class. Like a cat on a hot tin roof, these particular people have a very limited time frame to make crucial life decisions before they are forced, ready or not, to take the plunge into the work force or graduate school.

Some students, who seem to me to be both rare and eager, have their lives already mapped out. Dreams that they have clung to since childhood, like becoming a doctor or dentist, being married with two kids and a dog, living in a big house with two cars and a garage, have never left their sights. Sound familiar? Even if it doesn't, and the mere thought of this particular kind of future scares the crap out of you, I think that we can agree that we all have aspirations of some kind. The fact that we have been given a glorious opportunity to strive for our goals in concert and cooperation with others is, in my opinion, one of the greatest sources of strength and comfort that the university community affords us.

The purpose of university has never been to provide us with a job. Our professors keep telling us to go to college if we want practical and marketable training. Does that make some of us bitter? Well it shouldn't! There are too many that forget what were here for. How many times have we heard university students say, "Dude, where's my car?!!!" If that's what you think university is here for, then you are way off. I will admit that even I feel a little jaded when I realize that university isn't exactly giving me the security I need to "get a job" but I chose this. When I get second thoughts about my decision to come to university I remember an

old saying about the end result not being important but, the journey it takes to get there. It sounds unbelievably cheesy but it's true.

Trying to maintain a calm perspective in university is difficult. However, while the time flies by and debt increases try to remember that this experience is worthwhile. You have to go with your gut about the decisions you are about to make. Whatever feels right usually means that this is something you really want to do. For those of you who are just starting out here - buckle up and be prepared. Don't be afraid to make changes. If there is anything that we all learn with time is that the more you challenge yourself, not only do you become more successful at what you do, but you start to feel more confident about yourself. Take the road not taken and see where it takes you. We all feel a little anxious about the break away from this sheltered community but once we get there it's going to be nice to know that we truly can do whatever we want. Take the pressure off and enjoy the ride. I don't know about the rest of you but I've had three pretty damn good years at U of T and I'm looking forward to the next. When I'm done I don't know what the heck I'm going to be doing but let's put it this way – I'm ready for whatever comes next because I'm to let myself be the guide and see where that takes me.

A New Life

PETER IZDEBSKI

I've travelled this far and there are great seas ahead. I am entering university with a great sense of pride and in-patience. It's embarrassing when I catch my self taking out my T Card to reaffirm the fact that I am actually a part of U of T, a fact which seems like a dream more often than not. I've visited the university's web site more times than I've eaten meals and spent monstrous amounts of money on gas just to drive to the campus and back home, over and over again. Saying that I am excited is a dramatic under-statement.

New beginnings come in many ways, New Years Eve, birthdays and for me, University. But a new beginning from what? Not from crime nor hatred, but a new beginning of me from me. This will be a time when I can take all I know and form a new me, or better yet, to reinforce the person who I am today. For me, University will not only be a place of scholarly improvement but also a place where I will fly, finally use my wings to soar through life while stealing information from every where possible. It is a place where I will finally learn about life, and hopefully this time, teach life something new.

We often adhere to social images which have been pasted onto us by the people with which you spends time. These can be destructive and limiting when they are bad and unfair. But entering a new place is like being white washed, new and clean from all images but the first impressions. A second chance for a first impression. By entering university, I am given a second chance to learn from all mistakes of the past and make new, good and loud ideas, but I must realize the only good ideas are the ones you speak aloud.

'My life's course is guided, decided by limits drawn' (Emerson Lake and Palmer).

University gives me another opportunity to live to the full-est again, not to be hindered by previous failures or by invisible ceilings. I will enter with a smile and catch your eye. I will grow to guide and eventually I will exit the doors for a final time leaving an impression on those coming in. You will remember me, I guarantee it, and I will remember you for ever.

And again I reach into my wallet for My T Card.

A New Start

Is It As Scary As It Sounds?

MARYAM YEGANEHI

University...it might not sound scary to you all, but I'm sure most of us, freshman, are terrified from what's ahead of us. Maybe because we don't have the slightest idea how it's like, the classes, the profs, the residence, etc.

It seems like yesterday that we started high school. Back then, it was different. The transition wasn't hard at all. There weren't many decisions to make, I guess because there weren't a lot of choices. You took your courses as it was, you met your teachers and they would have at least tried to remember your names by the end of the first day. It didn't take long to get to know almost all the people in your grade and find out what they were taking. You didn't have to worry about missing any activities, clubs, scholarships, exchange programs or jobs. The guidance counselors announced them for so many times that they would have been eventually taken by your long-term memory. When a class had thirty-six people in it, they would call it overpopulated. Even the population of the whole school which was around twelve hundred, sometimes seemed a lot to us. It should be noted that this is not even the number of students in BIO150 class. Taking classes with laboratories was not a big deal. Labs took at most one hour and a half, especially it was fun when you were doing it with your best friend. Almost everything from registration and course enrolment to getting your books and watching a sport game, was different and finally much simpler.

Even though many of the first year students are glad to be finished with high school, but I'm sure all of us would miss many aspects of it. It was friendly and more over we spent five best years of our lives in its classes. But it's time to move on, to a bigger place, to the "real world".

University... it has a new sound to it and ahead of all of us lies new challenges. So as we all start this new phase of our lives together, let us say goodbye to our past experiences at high school which will be carved in our minds, and greet what future has to offer us.

write us

please include your name, program,
year of study, and phone number

email: innisherald@yahoo.com

Working Girl

ZOE KLIMACK

You enter the working world a baby. Every touch is warm. Every voice is new and stimulating. You're ecstatic when a co-worker says hello. You're thrilled when any one lingers by your doorway, and makes small talk. You coo and smile. They know better. It's probably gas...

The French call boredom "plat" as in flat, without shape, without definition.

I had a flat summer.

I had a summer without definition aside from an existence stemming from non-definition requiring definition to survive in its own right. So I defined myself by using the non-characteristic laying out of my daily routine as the first rung of the ladder of intrigue. Naturally, one could only go up. If you had a fear of heights, the monotony of the view at ground level was sooner or later going to help you take a crash course in behavioral psychology. You will face your fear. You will step up onto each rung of the ladder, and never look down. But once your curiosity gets the best of you, you will take a glance below, and be astounded at the number of people who stay grounded on a daily basis, never even bothering to look for ladders. They are the ones most likely to be eaten by the snakes sniveling into the earth.

Back three spaces, get me a coffee. Get me that file. Better yet, get me nothing and let me watch you squirm in your paranoia while I give you surprise visits to your cubicle making you unable to enjoy that trashy novel resting on your thighs. You're the only schmuck that stares at her computer keyboard eight hours a day in engrossed interest. You're the only schmuck who chooses to run around the ladder instead of climbing it, thus running into the hard rungs at face level resulting in "nez plat".

"I was an honest man on the outside, straight as an arrow. I had to come to jail to learn to become a crook..."

Eddie Dufresne, Shawshank Redemption

(Stephen King's protagonist banker wrongly convicted of murder who eventually breaks out of jail in the acclaimed film)

As a student On the Outside, I was a hard and honest worker. I attended lectures. I handed in competent essays in a timely fashion. As a seasonally employed student On the Inside, I learned to be lazy. I quickly understood that the work supplied

to students was like a loaf of bread in a seven year drought. To survive, one had to make two hour jobs stretch into two days. To survive, each rationed slice of bread, though crusty and stale, had to be savoured like finely aged cheese [read: copy jobs].

Time killing activities filled my day: Check email obsessively, compose silly songs, write letters to boyfriend, read novels...all balanced expertly by appearing busy and focused in the process. I became anxious when I didn't fulfill my schedule of leisurely activities. I felt I had let myself down.

I quickly acquired the poise needed to have two fingers constantly hovering over the alt + tab button [for all you non-office/non-computer savants, alt + tab allows one to quickly switch from one screen/program to another]. I came to resent the work being given to me. How dare they interrupt me when Ofwarren just killed herself? A moment of silence please. A little bit of respect. Vultures.

The office became a playground. Through the monkey bars, down the slide, into the romper room, out the tunnel...Down the corporate ladder into the bowels of boredom for eight solid hours, and at the end of the day, out the dog door you go.

I survived the office doldrums with time games. A routine within a routine. Enter, 7:30am. Chat with secretaries, then slowly proceed to office. Get water from water hole (hope secretly it's empty as refill will kill approx. 3 min...of course, is better to refill during day when all men are around just to strut beatifically carrying heavy water bottle unaided and to feel satisfaction of declining assistance). DO NOT BEGIN WORK UNTIL 8 AM!!!! Dry granola breakfast must last until 9 am*. Eat measured teaspoons. If hunger is similar to that of desiring a horse's hide, only allow yourself a spoonful every 5 minutes. Cereals release energy slowly.

*Clause: When breakfast consists of Tim Horton's a) bagels, b) muffins, or [shudder] c) donuts, all rules are broken. Just try to find some willpower honey.

Coffee consumption should be controlled as a matter of health, allowing the one daily cup to be ceremonious in nature. When brought in from an outside source, java can be consumed immediately. Office coffee must wait until after 9 am to brew, and cup must last until minimum 9:45am. You will enjoy the taste of cold coffee. When that last gulp goes down, you will be saddened by the loss ex-

hibited in that empty cup. Bring to the sink immediately. Empty cups breed empty lives.

When routine is broken by virtue of work temporarily displacing you from your desk, raise hands in salutation to your boss for finally deciding to use your services and to your consumption routine being bumped into mid-morning, delaying boredom for another hour or two. Work is nourishment enough.

You will place a candy dish on your office desk in high visibility. You will fill it with delectable confections of every nature: Long-lasting-mind-stimulating-power mints, chewy-satisfy-hunger-feeling-fruit-chews, tantalizing-chocolate-drops. My friends, the candy dish is your social circle. If you fill it, they will come. Of course, one's own candy consumption must be limited. On a typical morning, hunger pangs will arrive around 11am. This takes place between post-coffee gum chewing (minimum 1/2 hour) and one hour before lunch/social weaving period.

Allow crinkle of unwrapping (especially those sticky toffees) to be subdued (no one truly comprehends sugar cravings that occur before the noon hour). Afternoon candy raiding can be explosively loud to attract would be prey into the cage for social quicky* (*small talk based on activity sharing: Can take place in proximity of printer, water cooler, coffee machine and of course, personal candy dispensing stations).

Memorize names of all co-workers' children, spouse/partner and at least one hobby/activity outside of office. Relish in the hum-drum retellings of baby finding poo in sandbox and endearingly calling it "des crottes de chien". Giggle uncontrollably when wife declares phobia of ketchup therefore making said co-worker have to smuggle Heinz packets from office. Put on best compassionate mask when one returns from meager week long holidays and be sure to comment on a) how wonderful the weather was and how horrible it must be to return after such a beautiful week, or b) how awful the weather was and how horrible it must be to return after such a miserable week.

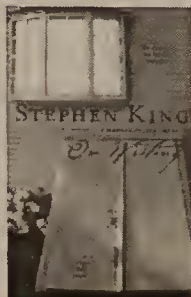
Whew! I could really use a holiday. Thank goodness school's starting up in September. I'll finally be able to take a breather from all this hard work of trying to appear in the throws of hard work. In fact, I should thank my employer for paying me to write this article, and of course, for providing me with its inspiration.

Books

JAIME WOO

On Writing, by Stephen King
(Out now)

A thoughtful book, part memoir, part passing on of knowledge, this is a must of any fan of King, or any aspiring writer. Now on softcover, it warrants a read because it allows insight into the mind of a man who demonstrates that only through adversity can great storytelling be commanded.



Cane River, by Lalita Tademy
(Out now)

A strong story about the trials and tribulations faced by Louisiana women of the past facing the bitter truths of slavery, rape, and oppression, 'Cane River' brings us back into the lives of women of the past who found the will and strength overcame and triumphed.



Originally posted on www.myfu.com.

Why I Write

JAIME WOO

Communication is, and has been, the focal point of all civilization. It is only through this ability to pass down what one has learned from generation to generation that makes us better than, say, the chimpanzee or the moth. And if we did not expend our energy passing what we have learned onto others, truly, life would solely be a pleasure-filled masturbatory experience void of any true meaning. Life would be the ultimate candy bar. Living would be just for the minute, and love, family, kids, would all be as necessary as the pink plastic Ferrari Barbie drives around so rapidly in. To truly exist, we need to be remembered. Someone must know that we have indeed been here, on earth. Perhaps that is why people place their graffiti tags all around, so that in years to come, their mark will still be on the side of the wall, tunnel, or stall door and they will have evidence that they once had breathed. Writing is my way to tell you I am alive.

It also is a narcissistic activity. I write, expecting you to read and take something — in fact, anything — from it. The words I write, I assume have meaning. That they have been crunched through the ongoing machinery of my mind and are spewed out in digestible and sharable thoughts. Some people write to say they have been written, printed, and read. I could care less if the words on my monitor stay there, merely pixels on a screen. For true writing is the willingness to bear your soul. Once it's written, you can no longer retract it. It is in print. It is, metaphorically, written in stone. I allow you to judge, assess, and if you please, ridicule my words, my thoughts, and ultimately, me. I write so you know who I am and what my point of view is. I write because I know you have given up some of your valuable time to sit and think with me. I write because it is cheaper than therapy. I write because sometimes there are just too many thoughts inside my head and their rent is due. I write to learn. I write feeling comfort in trying to be in the company of all the brilliant philosophers and storytellers and poets who came before me. I write because I am in awe that words, substance created by the logical sequential placement of symbols called letters, when put together in a certain combination can bring forth smiles and tears. The way words can sing and leap off the page gives me hope. That words can evoke beauty, emotion, tragedy, love, loss, inspiration, imagination, and excitement gives me faith.

This is why I write.

Wally, You're A God!

Two

PAT SHEESE

"ouch!" groaned wally. he was lying in sand and his head hurt so badly that he thought that horses were running around atop of his skull.

a man came up to wally. a naked man. "wow, are you okay?" asked the naked man.

wally continued to groan, "i feel completely rotten!" he didn't seem to notice that the man who was helping him off the ground wasn't in the least bit clothed. once standing, wally brushed the dust off his clothing, and began to feel nauseous.

"i should think so! wow, you just fell out of the clouds, you did!" the man looked to the sky, attempting to make out from whence wally had fell.

"what?" wally was confused. he didn't remember falling out of the sky.

"lucky thing you're wearing all that armour," he turned his head back to wally. "a fall like that should'a killed you, i do believe!"

"armour?" wally looked at himself. he didn't see any armour. what he did see was his favourite double-breasted navy blue silk suit, accompanied with a smart light sky-blue shirt, which lay beneath a slightly smarter and slightly darker light sky-blue tie. a daisy was pinned to his lapel—wally didn't find that odd. "i'm wearing a suit," said wally explanatorily.

"of armour..." the man raised his left brow as his eyes shifted in puzzlement.

wally didn't know how to respond so he simply kept his mouth shut. thus, he took the moment to absorb his new bewildering environment. around him seemed to be nothing but the pale brown sand of a desert. the sky was as cloudless as a windowpane that contained no clouds, which, unfortunately, wally decided, allowed the sun to shoot its rays directly into his body. the overload of these rays in his system caused him to leak. he could feel the pools of sweat springing to life from his armpits, and even more sweat dripping down his face from the hairline of his head. feeling stickier than he had ever felt before, he removed his jacket, unfastened the topmost button of his shirt, and then loosened his tie. he didn't feel much better. his chest hurt.

wally had never been in a desert before, and nor did he care to be in one now.

"the name is neumannbaker," the naked man finally said, in hopes of keeping up the conversation. he then extended his hand—he wanted wally to extend his hand, and then hopefully say his name as well.

"uh," wally was hesitant, but he shook neumannbaker's hand all the same. "wally." by this he meant his name was wally. neumannbaker understood and nodded and said, "hello!" he took great delight in learning his new friend's name. he showed wally his toothy grin.

"can i ask you something?" asked wally.

"sure can!"

"why are you naked?" asked wally.

"umm, i'm afraid i don't understand..."

"where are your clothes?" asked wally.

"wow, i don't think i have one of those. nope!"

"what?" asked wally.

"what?"

"i..." this conversation went on and on and nowhere.

neumannbaker and wally kept talking nonetheless. they strolled through the desert and talked. however, wally had forgotten most details about himself. for instance he didn't remember that he owned and daily walked a dog named cloey, he didn't know that he worked as a banker at the first 2nd national bank. all he knew was his name (wally), he knew that his suit was the colour blue, and that he was roasting inside of it. then, this is what he learned from neumannbaker: the desert in which they were wandered is called "the desert of julie." wally asked, "why is it called the desert of julie?" neumannbaker replied with the question "what do you mean why? that's its name." it was just a name and that was that.

roughly 14 kilometres north, lives a city by the name of "the city of julie."

the city of julie is the only city anywhere. wally asked "what other cities are nearby?" neumannbaker replied "wow, i don't think i've ever heard of such a thing as other cities. nope, just the city of julie."

people run around naked, only they don't call it

naked, they don't call it anything because "there isn't any such a thing as clothing, nope. that's just silly."

and each person only has one name. neumannbaker has the name of neumannbaker. neumannbaker's wife has the name georgina. their son has the name bob. etc.

neumannbaker also told wally, in great length, the details about his life and his personal endeavours. so it goes, neumannbaker is the city of julie's greatest warthog trapper. "you haven't had meat 'til you've had uncle neummy's warthog meat!" as it turns out, wally hasn't ever had meat. neumannbaker was in the middle of a catch when wally "fell out of the sky," and when he did fall, the warthog became petrified and ran off before uncle neummy could ring his neck. "you see, the trick to catching warthogs, it is, you take your ringing rope," wally didn't know what ringing rope was, and neither do i, "and you soak it to the dam bone in salt water. you see, they can smell the salt, and then they just go hog wild, they do!" neumannbaker laughed and laughed at what he thought to be, his delicious pun. wally snickered for the sole purpose of being polite, he didn't find it quite as delicious. hog wild—warthog. it's not that funny.

neumannbaker, has a family. he has a wife and he has a child who is a boy, georgina and bob, respectively. neumannbaker didn't seem to care to talk about them too much. at least not as much as warthog trapping, that is. wally learnt that georgina is "hot as a thistle, she is!" and that bob "wow, he's a live one!" that's pretty much all. oh, and also that neumannbaker and georgina have had sex with each other at least once every single day for the last four months; and, when neumannbaker arrives back in the city of julie later that day, he plans to have sex with his wife once more. they had had sex when they awoke that morning.

for the first 3 kilometres of walking through the desert the scenery didn't change at all. not one cloud passed overhead. there was a slight breeze that carried a minute helping of sand. after the third kilometre the conversation died down, neumannbaker and wally walked in, what seemed to be, for wally, blissful silence. the sun then began to set in the east. neumannbaker called it, "pretty."

Chapter one of "Wally, You're A God!" was printed in the February 2001 issue of the Innis Herald. This is chapter two.



PHOTO BY KATE RUSNAK

Restless

SARAH BURLEY

You confuse me every day to no end.
 Your eyes change colour as the seasons move,
 to and for, back and forth, something to prove.
 My aching heart you can not mend.
 Towards the sun the flowers do bend,
 towards me you have yet to find that groove.
 It seems of you I can not approve
 if to me you can not yourself lend.
 Leaves rustle down a quiet street,
 the emptiness grows as it draws near.
 The pain is grand and of such a feat
 it causes me to pull back in fear.
 Someday perhaps our souls will meet,
 for the moment I do but shed a tear.

Said Yellow

VIVIANA YI

'so tell me,
 dirty-blue lace,
 what will you not do?

'red.'

'why not?'

'it makes me purple.'

Acrylic Rhapsody

VIVIANA YI

Cadmium Red lacquer blazes in the
 Brilliant Yellow sky on
 Raw Siena smile of
 Ivory Black lips.

Perinone Orange soul in the
 Emerald Green life of
 Amethyst love seen in the
 Raw Umber eyes of
 Burnt Umber skin.

Dioxazine Purple children of
 Phthalo Blue people shine
 Metallic Pearl white in
 Titanium White night.

Refrigerator Love

VIVIANA YI

pour: red liquid
 run-ing from you
 bruise-ing me

saucy

cook: immense wild bomb-s
 to melt the saran
 off my heart

taste: the secret avenue of
 minute
 love meal-s

mmmm m.

"Put the Needle on the Record when the Drum Beats go like this..."

Large crowd, luke-warm response for the 4x platinum UK singer...

Dido with Special Guest Travis

@ The Molson Amphitheatre

July 4th, 2001

NINA HAIKARA

In the Latin epic poem *Aeneid*, Dido, Queen of Carthage, falls in love with the hero, Aeneas. Like any self-respecting, single woman, she wanted Aeneas to marry her. However, the "Gods" called on Aeneas to return to Italy, where his ancestors would later found the famed Roman Empire. Dido killed herself.

Over 2000 years later, love hasn't changed. The UK singer of the same name, has put forth a haunting mix of songs based on themes of love gained and love lost.

The two-year-old album, *No Angel* (Arista, 1999), spent time gathering dust on store shelves, until "there's-no-such-thing-as-bad-publicity" rapper, Eminem, sampled the opening lyrics of *Thank You* - a happy love-song - for his dark, suicidal/homicidal song about a fan, entitled, *Stan*. *Thank You* has since become a radio favorite.

An album - and song - so old, (it was also featured on the soundtrack for the 1998 Gwyneth Paltrow movie, *Sliding Doors*), managed to gather a crowd of 10,000 (give or take) to the Molson Amphitheatre on a Wednesday Night.

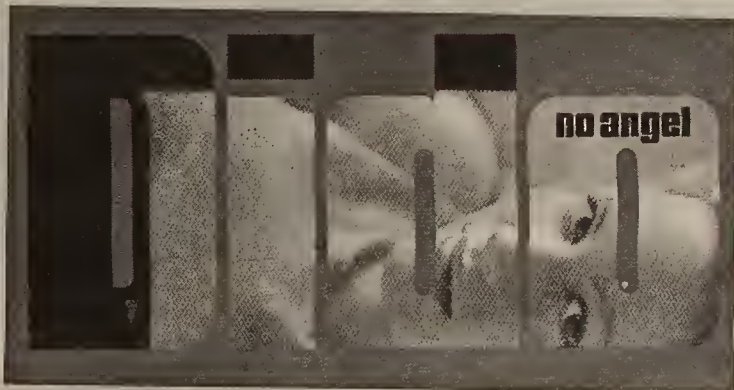
It would be interesting to note which ticket holders were only there to see, Scottish rock/pop/folk/punk?! band, Travis, whose second Epic/Sony release, *The Invisible Band*, came out on June 12th.

The Scottish group fronted by singer/songwriter, Fran Healy, was in an interactive mood with the audience, describing the meaning behind many of the songs from their previous album, *The Man Who* and the current record. "Anyone preggers?" he asked the crowd. He then dedicated *Flowers in the Window* off the new album, to a pregnant woman's unborn child. He also took the opportunity, to describe the process of creating an album, as an analogy for childbirth.

Travis' melodious music, and happy-go-lucky songs (*Why Does It Always Rain on Me?*, and the current single, *Sing*), is a confusing mix, considering their semi-punk/rock image (Healy sporting the new "mini-mohawk" style, which he has termed a "slow-hawk") and the energetic kick and jumps - completely out-of-place with such slow-paced songs - from guitarist Andy Dunlop (who is also talented enough to balance a burning cigarette between the guitar strings).

Yet, it is not surprising looking at Travis' new album cover, that the band is not into image at all. They appear on the cover, 15 mm tall.

Unfortunately, Travis did not perform the one song they became well known for during previous tours. Britney Spear's *Baby One More Time*... sung in the same, slow, rhythm as many other Travis tracks. A live recording can be found on the UK single



Dido and Travis: Albums worth listening to.

for Why does it Always Rain on Me?

Under a mystical full moon, Dido appeared on-stage wearing a sparkling "Toronto" halter-top (she wore a similar one with "Vancouver," in - you guessed it - Vancouver). Supported by two guitarists, two drummers, a keyboardist, turn-table DJ and impressive light-set, Dido, sounded clear and flawless, singing all songs on her *No Angel* CD, including two new tracks, *See the Sun* and *Do You Have a Little Time*. A new album is set for next year.

It is simultaneously, fun and annoying that every concert becomes a sing-a-long session when the current "hit" is played. Dido: *Thank You*. Savage Garden: *Truly Madly Deeply*. Billie Myers: *Kiss the Rain*. soulDecision: *Gravity*. The list is endless. The formula: the same.

People who pay \$60 for a concert, and *SIT DOWN* through the entire show (unless required), should just *SIT AT HOME* and listen to the CD.

The best moments took place when the entire crowd was brought to their feet with dance numbers, *Honestly OK*, *No Angel*, and *Take My Hand*. However, Dido could not keep the momentum going. Neither could we. "Could you please sit down... we can't see." The energy of an audience is half the experience and half was lost in the wide, open space of the Molson Amphitheatre. Dido would have been better enjoyed and appreciated in a smaller venue.

One couple, a few rows ahead of us, danced in the aisle next to them, rarely turning their heads in the direction of the songstress herself. Eyes fixed only on each other. The Queen and her hero... dancing the night away, under a magical full moon.

** Travis will be appearing in that smaller venue (Massey Hall) on Sunday, September 30th. If Travis' July 4th set was any indication, it will be prove to be a night of good music.*

Boy Sets Fire

@ The Cathedral

July 20, 2001

ROSE CHANG

The night started with a new *Victory* band *Thursday*. This hardcore/emo band from New Jersey enthralled the overcrowded venue with their emotional performance. Lead singer Geoff Rickly screamed to thundering yet calming guitar chords. His energy didn't seem to be rubbing off on the crowd. At this point the crowd was just bobbing their heads. Even so, I definitely recommend checking them out, if you are into *Hot Water Music* or *Jimmy Eat World*.

Next up was *The Morie Life*. This New Jersey emo band with more of a poppy-punk sound was quite different from the last. I would say this band was the most diverse out of the line up. They captured the crowd with their melodic vocals and catchy guitar lines and finally got them moving. They are a good band to check out if you like *A New Found Glory* or *Midtown*.

Chicago-based melodic hardcore group *Rise Against*, featuring ex-members of *88 Fingers Louie*, played next. These guys can really rock the crowd into a frenzy. Their songs range from fast to slow; the Lead singer Tim McIlrath, can scream and sing with each line of a song, taking the best of hardcore and punk rock. I enjoyed listening to their wide array of styles, and I thought they were very good.

After a pretty good line up of bands, it was time for *Boy Sets Fire* to take the stage. I didn't



know what to expect, as this was my first time seeing them. They were intense. I was astounded by their performance. They played many songs from their newest full-length album *After The Eulogy*, as well as many of their old songs. Before each song, lead singer, Nathan grey explained what their lyrics were about. I was awed by not only the intensity of their live performance but also the intensity of their political convictions. I could say that the entire crowd felt the same way. Their pow-

erful rhythmic guitar lines, took over the crowd and you could help but move to the beat, and moving was just the least of it. The mosh pit was crazy; the band's angst-ridden, confrontational performance really affected the crowd.

Overall this was a great show. All the bands put on a great show. *Boy Sets Fire* was incredible. Even better than I had imagined. I would say it was the best 10 dollars I ever spent.

Stone Temple Pilots

Shangri-LA DEE DA

KIMBERLY MULLOHLAND

The last of the 90's rock giants have returned...and they've declared to the pop world that they're still on top. *Shangri-LA DEE DA* is the newest release from Southern California's grunge rock group *Stone Temple Pilots*. With the demise of the great early 90's groups such as *Blind Melon*, *Nirvana*, *Smashing Pumpkins* and *Soundgarden*, STP have come back to prove that rock is still very much alive. This album has hopes to lead rock in an ambitious direction.

Shangri-LA is almost a breakthrough for STP. It comes after lead singer Scott Weiland's struggle with drug addiction and the band's survival of a constant teetering on the verge of collapse. The disc has a different sound for the band in respect that it combines sounds from all previous releases.

Long time fans will notice strong influences from *Purple*, *Tiny Music* and *No. 4*. This makes for an extremely radio friendly release. The newest single *Days of the Week*, is steadily climbing the charts. It combines the hard rock riffs STP is known for intertwined with the bouncing psychedelic melody introduced years

ago in *Tiny Music*. The tracks are a combination of darkly witty lyrical songs and yearning ballads.

Shangri-LA is a weighty album exposing a real sense of Weiland's quest for answers to his past demons. It encompasses his battle with drug dependency, his recent marriage and path to fatherhood and the passionate complexity of the music industry.

A small side theme is present with the destructiveness of a certain celebrity we all know....the one and only Courtney Love. That's right! STP divulge their feelings about that certain someone us rock fans love to hate. With the dismantling songs *Hollywood Bitch* and *Way Cool Queenie*, STP shatter Love and her place as rock princess and tinsel town starlet. *Hollywood Bitch* states bluntly "Rock star life - Turn the switch - Hollywood Bitch - So fake she seems real".

Shangri-LA exposes a new depth to STP and seems to unveil that mystery we've been oh so curious about. The inner life of the band is revealed with this disc. With deeper rooted lyrics, a polished sound and scatted, raw honest vocals, STP release one of their best works



to date. It's a rocking album full of heart and soul. Any STP fan will not be disappointed and all you old school grunge addicts will take notice.

Stone Temple Pilots are scheduled to headline the Family Values tour in support of the new disc, alongside up and comers *Staind*.

Step aside Britney and move over N'Sync, the *Stone Temple Pilots* are back in the mainstream glory and prove that rock is a force not to be reckoned with.

Default

The Fallout

KIMBERLY MULLOHLAND

Just when I declare Aaron Lewis has having the most passionate voice in music, *Default* lead singer, Dallas Smith proves me wrong. *Default* has entered the music scene with their debut album *The Fallout*, joining the waves of Canadian rock.

Hailing from Vancouver B.C., *Default* looks to step up in the ranks with the likes of other Canadian rockers such as *Matthew Good Band* and *The Tea Party*. *Default* consists of Dallas Smith on vocals, Jeremy James Hora on guitar, Dave Benedict on bass and Danny Craig on drums. *The Fallout* is a guitar riff heavy disc mixed with coarse emotional lyrics.

The Fallout's claim to fame could very well be that it was produced by Rick Parasher. To all you hard core alternative fans the name will be familiar from his work with *Pearl Jam's* legendary album *Ten*. Now don't get thinking *Default* will hit *Pearl Jam* fame. Not likely. *Default* will have their moment regardless, but it won't be mainstream success these four.

They've cranked out a solid record with some strong possible singles but this most likely

won't be the breakthrough they are looking for. The first single, *Wasting My Time* continues to scrape up Canadian charts. It's difficult to get by the single. I'm not claiming one hit wonder but *Wasting My Time* is definitely the definitive song on the disc.

The album does differ slightly from other rock releases only in the sense of content. It is not so much focused on "rock issues" but more on broken relations and a general theme of communication breakdown. This can be seen in the anguish of some of the tracks, such as in the opener *Sick and Tired*, with "I feel it the tension inside of me. Pressure that's presently pushing down on me" or in the ballad *Live a Lie* when he seethes "Burned out by dreams of others which I can steal, take or leave this way".

The Fallout is a stunning debut but I don't expect incredible success. In a music industry filled with good old rock and roll, *Default's* release can be considered generic and typical. The real standout for this band is the piercing strength of Dallas Smith's vocals. The music and sound are ordinary. Not bad but not stellar. The only problem is that they seemingly fall into the trap of turning into a caricature of a



grunge rock band.

The enjoyment of this album comes from the fabulous voice and mesmerizing vocals. But the voice alone will not take them to where they desire.

Default is a solid band, especially by Canadian rock standards. They will have their moment but big glam success will be short-lived. With an oversaturated market there is only room for rock legends and those with the unique strength to battle the market.

David Usher

Morning Orbit

KIMBERLY MULLOHLAND

This could very well be the most recent shocking release in Canadian music. David Usher, lead singer of *Moist*, hands out one of the most worthwhile albums seen this summer. Usher's second solo album, *Morning Orbit* follows his last multi platinum selling release *Little Songs*.

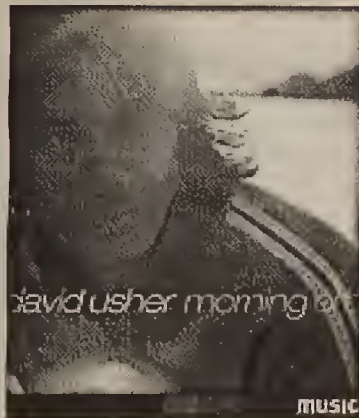
Morning Orbit is a cloudy album erected by honest lyrics and a smooth sound. Listening to it almost puts one into a state of sedation and ultimate calm. Usher has surpassed *Little Songs* with his experimentation with new sounds and distortion. The acoustic ballads heard in *Little Songs* seem distant with this new release. Having no expectations for this album I was blown away with its capacity and its creation of emotional responses.

The tracks on this album control the senses and etch themselves into your head. David Usher has created a more personal sound than comes from his other band *Moist*. He seems to put exactly what is in head and soul onto paper. The almost crude lyrics are set and disguised by a gorgeously surreal groove. He is

able to entice the listener with engaging melodic ballads and then throw them off with a hard guitar and bass beat, masterfully altering the tempo and speed of each song.

Usher doesn't do this alone though. He has a slew of Canadian talent at his disposal for this album. *Snow* lends his voice in *Joy in Small Places*. This is an exceptional track even if you're not a fan of his work. The two voices blend perfectly to create an almost beautifully haunting pop song. Another stunning track on *Morning Orbit* is *Black Black Heart*. It appears twice with one being remixed. The remix track is superior which you can't really expect less with *Tea Party's* Jeff Martin masterminding production on the track. Martin's influence is sensed judging by the complexity and intensity of the sound and the precision and intimacy with Usher's vocals.

Other collaborators on *Morning Orbit* are Bruce Gordon and Jag Tanna from *I Mother Earth*, Gord Sinclair of *Tragically Hip* as well as the rest of the *Moist* crew. By far the most fascinating and compelling track on this album is the gorgeous remake of *Tracy Chapman's Fast Car*. Usher creates a soft soothing ballad from



a classic folk rock song. A pure demonstration of this subtle sound is present throughout the album.

David Usher proved his sharp edge with *Moist* and now overwhelms us with his soulful intimacy in *Morning Orbit*. This is definitely a release Canadian music needs and is ready for.

write for us
email your submissions to
innisherald@yahoo.com

Allure 2001

Innis Fashion

TERESA MUI

Allure 2001. The Innis Charity Fashion Show. I lived and breathed fashion show for the entire 3 months before the show. Who would have known all this fuss started from one innocent sushi lunch? Some casual ideas here and there with Nathan Frias over shrimp tempura snowballed into this big production.

It all started with some high school reminiscing and some great ideas for songs. We wanted to make it exciting for those watching and for those performing as well, not just the regular catwalk. We wanted hype and energy so we decided that the fashion show had to incorporate dance moves too. It would be a fun way to raise donations for Camp Oochigeas. We were excited that it would be the first fashion show ever for Innis.

As we got into all the planning, it turned out to be more complicated than we thought. It wasn't just about picking the music and having models wear the clothes. There was so much more detail and lots of unglamorous admin work.

We were overwhelmed with the number of people interested in participating. We had so many people that we were forced to hold auditions for the models and everyone was good natured about it. We were also fortunate enough to get help from many eager sources. The choreography, the lighting, the music, the staging, the sponsorship, the promotion and the modeling were all a huge effort put forth by Innis students, non-Innis students and Innis Residence staff. The models all put in many hours of practice to learn their scenes. We rehearsed so much that the dance routines became second nature to the models.

Of course we ran into our share of problems with acquiring sponsorship, scheduling rehearsals and creative blocks. But we managed to work through all that and presented an exhilarating show with dancing attitude, glamour and sexiness.

We had set the mood for a night of non-stop action as we opened the show with our clubwear scene to

portray a nightclub. The crowd was in for a night of head-bobbing good music and fabulous new clothes combined with eye-catching and some jaw-dropping moves. All the models were excited and encouraged by the abundant amount of cheering and hollering from the audience. Our own Karen Papazian designed some exotic clothes for our student design scene. The audience was energized by the fast paced hip hop scene and the

mysterious underground scene overflowed with drama and appeal.

It was a lot of work and a lot of stress but it was all worth it. It was a lot of fun. After the show was over, I missed doing all the rehearsals and all the meetings. I miss it so much that I'm going to do this all over again, this time with a bigger organizing

committee and hopefully we can learn from our mistakes and have a bigger and better fashion show this year. Everyone interested in being a part of the show should be on the lookout for notices early in the year. Everyone is welcome.

Teresa Mui was the co-director of Allure 2001.

TOP TO BOTTOM: TERESA MUI AND NATHAN FRIAS, ALLURE 2001 DIRECTORS; ALLURE 2001 MODELS; ROSE RIZEK, MONIDIPA BHATTACHARYYA, AND DONATA GIROMALO.



It's All In The Dip

Dark Warrior

Friday afternoons were usually pretty uneventful. The temptation of skipping the last calculus lecture of the day was almost too great to bear. People (well, those I know) often make up excuses to placate their conscience when they succumb to temptation. "I have to finish up my comp assignment—way more important than multivariable differentiation." "I have to drive my mom to the bank." "I have to...umm...feed my dog... Oh screw it, (insert professor's name here) just puts me to sleep!" Me, I have a legitimate excuse. "Excuse me gentlemen, but I have to be a model now." Sometimes I do it in a British accent—just to rub salt in their wounds.

That fateful wintry afternoon, I huffed and puffed my way through back campus, arriving as usual late for practice. The main lobby of the residence is usually calm, the lone front desk staff poring over notes from last class—peace and tranquility permeates the scene totally. *Almost* totally. Now and then a jarring note punctuates the air, may it be the Latin rhythms of Dean Martin or the desperate pleas of our choreographer.

I enter the room and remove my coat and scarf. Our choreographer is using my partner as a "specimen"—he leads, twirls her etc, all the time nodding and reading the steps out loud. Like conscientious Innis students, the rest of the *models* pay close attention, unconsciously shifting their feet to the moves. When he's finished with my partner, he walks to the other end of the room to start the music playing again. I move quickly into "center stage"—my partner grabs me by the arm and gives it a sharp twist immediately.

"Where have you been?"

"OUCH. Watch it lady. I was half way through a lecture and you know, (insert professor's name here), he's..."

"Don't want to know and don't care." She interrupts me and pauses for dramatic effect. Looking into my eyes, she said slowly. "You'll have to dip me. You need to be *strong* to dip me. Pause. Can you?"

Ouch—again. Before I cover from the pinch, I'm dealt yet another blow to my masculine ego. Before I can reply, the music starts and she grabs me—again—and puts our arms in the dancing postures. Thank goodness, there's thirty seconds before the *real* dancing begins. I run through the steps in my head. Box, Figure Eight, the step-step-slide and then there's the...

"Hell-low, can you?"

"I don't really know." Before I could form a coherent answer, we're vaulted into the moves of the opening box. I'm staring around at the rest of them. They seem so confident in their moves—could I possibly have missed that much in half an hour? Suddenly, I remember the question. "Depends. Have you gained?" I mutter under my breath, trying to keep a straight face. Tim, our choreographer, is standing at the far corner of the room, gesturing and pointing, his mouth making words I cannot hear, mainly because my mind is divided between moving my feet in the right way and repairing my ego. I'm supposed to smile or look happy when I'm doing the chumba, not appear as

if I'm in the midst of a conversation. "Look as if you're displaying your beautiful partner. Your smile says everything—it says, 'Look at my clothes, look at my partner, look at me!' No, no, I said smile, not show all of your teeth. It's subtle, it's coquette, it's...seductive. That's right! You've got to have that air about you that says 'Seduce me, darling!' Good...good...work it, work it...gr...looking hot tonight..."

A pain from my foot jolts me from my memories. We're into the Figure Eight—she stepped on my foot. To this day, I wonder if it was as she had claimed, a pure accident. "Of course I haven't gained you moron." She steps back and we try to get back in sync again.

"Sorry about that. Have you been working out? I don't want you to drop me, okay?" No response. She repeats, valley girl style. "Hell-low?"

"Okay, okay, I won't drop you. I promise. Fine?"

"You sure? Are you sure you're sure? 'Cause I don't want to look like a fool in front of these girls, you know. Like, you know, HER. The poor thing. Before you came in—by the way, you're LATE—her partner dropped her at least, I don't know, what a thousand times? It's those Aldos he wears, they don't have no grip on the floor over here." She casts a contemptuous glance at my worn Nike sneakers, their soles soggy and dripping from my trek back from Engineering. The central heating in the Events Room forms pools of muddy water around my feet as I shuffle from step to step. Read—Dangerous, slippery pools. She jerks her head up sharply and shoots a sharp glance at me that seems to say, "Oh... Shi—"

We move into the step-step-slides. Here, I'm supposed to put on a coquettish, seductive smile that says, "I'm SO HOT!" Instead, I manage a half-hearted sheepish grin I used to give the grocer when I was three, that yelled, "I want CANDY, puh-lease." Seductive? Don't think so. Tim said that we should prepare for our big day by wearing dress shoes to practice. Especially the girls, I mean, *ladies*. When they're *models*, you have to be polite. Thus, my partner decidedly wears high heels shoes to every practice. While I give Tim my most seductive three-year old smile, she slips on one of the pools of death, manages to catch herself before I display her beauty to the audience and smiles her best. Her smile comes over as a cross between Catherine Zeta-Jones on the cover of *People* and a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming Mack truck. Turning away from the 'audience', she glares me with concentrated venom.

Before I can mutter anything under my breath, we hear noises from outside the door. To my horror, the door widens a crack. I hold my breath. It widens a wee bit more and to my relief, retreats a bit. I exhale for a moment, but my hopes are dashed to pieces and my dignity left in risk, when the door swings wide open. HURRAY! People! Not just anyone, but the directors of the fashion show and other members of the residence! How happy I am to see you! And what's this? People living on my floor too? Oh, great, just what I need, neighbours. Neighbours that you pass by everyday on your way to class, neighbours that will talk and snigger behind your back about *that embarrassing incident* in the Events Room. Why don't we just put it out on the front page of the Innis Herald, for crying out loud?

Now that we've really got an audience, I feel more pressure to perform. Before I know it, the music changes and we glide into the dreaded D-I-P. Or rather, the other conscientious, diligent, punctual *models* glide. My partner and me stumble into position like ecstasy users at a rave on Richmond. Then it suddenly hits me, while I twirl my partner into position for the big finale, with a real audience and my partner praying to all the gods in Christianity, Buddhism and what not, to grant me strength for my momentous task. As the warmth thaws the insides of my brain, I finally realize that I haven't practiced this dip thing/move before. I just went along with the plan as a desperate attempt to salvage what little was left of my masculine ego. Not only that, the midterms and the assignments of the past two weeks had left me sleeping at 2 in the morning—needless to say, I hadn't practiced in a while. Too long. And these people, these neighbours and TIM—I could just imagine what little humorous remark he would make about my attempt at a dip. I have to get this just right, the twirl and then, cradling her supple body in my arms, lower her down gracefully... People are staring. Go look somewhere else! Those beady, prying eyes. Don't look at me.

Spotlight. I'm burning in the spotlight.

Here it comes, the dip. She twirls, the beautiful ballerina in mid step, graceful like a swan. Then, she turns and faces me, her mouth forming soundless words that echo in the nether regions of my mind. "You sure you're strong enough?" Was I sure?

That was the last straw.

Connecting flawlessly with the twirl, I cradle her in my arms, preparing to lower her to the ground. Out of nowhere, someone in the audience laughs. I look up for an instant, before glancing downward at her falling frame. I could've reached out to grab her, finishing the dip, but instead, my arms relaxed and released its burden. I released me, myself—my anxiety, frustration, stress and all that damn pressure.

The spotlight dims.

And my partner falls to the floor with a splat—sound effects courtesy of my soggy sneakers.

I realize that all this while, I hadn't breathed in at all. I exhale loudly and apologize profusely. She lies on the floor awkwardly, puts on a little fake smile and says, "Nothing's wrong with me, you (insert profanity here). Now help me up and smile, damn you. Smile. You dropped me and you promised you wouldn't. Help me up and let's pretend nothing happened. Come on. Remember to smile. You and me are going to have a long talk after this. Shoot, I hope I didn't break anything or else you're in deep—"

I smiled. Towering above her, I stand grinning. The grin breaks into peals of laughter, coming from everyone all around the room. This time it wasn't the sheepish three-year-old grin. It was seductive mirth, an infectious laugh that spread. Looking down at her, an epiphany strikes me. The whole time, the 'audience' wasn't laughing at me, they were all laughing with me.

"Sorry." I can't stop laughing.

The Weakerthans

@ the Cathedral

August 9th, 2001

KAREN NG

"And every night they play the same song to the same offbeat believers. And everyone is singing along..."

When John K. Samson parted from the political punk band Propagandhi, no one could have imagined that his new project, The Weakerthans, would emerge with a sound so unlike the thrashing, fast paced angry punk rock trio from which John K. hailed. Although politically similar, the two bands are the musical antithesis of one another. Crusaders of leftist politics, John K. Samson, Stephen Carroll, John P. Sutton, and Jason Tait have blended poetry and musical genius, creating one of the most talented and insightful bands in Canada today. Their hard to categorize sound is best described as a blend of pop, punk, folk and emo, but is in a league all its own. Their label, G-7 Welcoming Committee (an independent media outlet founded by members of Propagandhi) calls them "Leftist rock nerds. Teenage Heartthrobs. Indie Superstars."

Bass player John Sutton called his band "seat warmers" during their recent tour with Billy Bragg and Lowest of the Low (they played the Amphitheatre on Aug. 2nd), but on August 9th they certainly were not seat warmers to the hot, sweaty, sold out crowd at the Reverb. Supported by Foursquare and Duotang, the Winnipeg based quartet stunned the crowd with their inspiring lyrics and creative musicianship, performing songs from their debut album *Fallow*, the critically acclaimed follow-up *Left and Leaving*, as well as some new, yet to be released songs. They started with a new song then went straight into the first single off of *Left and Leaving*, *Watermark*, to which an unrelenting crowd sang along boldly to the lines "I've got this store-bought way of saying I'm ok, and you've learned how to cry in total silence". The band then continued with another crowd favourite *Aside*,

as John K. Samson's soft, haunting voice concluded the anthem with the words, "Sing my imperfect offering", representing perfectly the intentions of their emotionally and intellectually evocative songs. Each one seemed to speak to the audience on a personal level as the band had the undivided attention of a sea of bobbing heads and dancing bodies. Samson's soothing voice was accompanied by perfect vocal harmonies from Sutton and Carroll as they progressed onto slower numbers such as *Pamphleteer*, and *Left and leaving*. Guitarist Stephen Carroll also doubled as a harmonica and steel guitar player during *None of the Above*, while bass player John P. Sutton rolled along to his smooth baselines and Jason Tait's perfect drumming.

Throughout the evening, Samson rarely broke his reassuring smile at the crowd and had perfect expressions while singing his songs. During *Wellington's Wednesdays*, the band invited someone from the audience to play a solo with them while John K. stepped off the stage and took a break from the limelight before returning to the chorus of "We've got blue eyes, we've got green eyes, we've got grey eyes...". A large part of the appeal of The Weakerthans lies in their honesty and optimism. "I swear I way more than half believe it when I say that somewhere love and justice shine. Cynicism falls asleep. Tyranny talks to itself. Sappy slogans all come true. We forget to feed our fear."

When asked in a recent interview by Punk Planet magazine to reconcile his radical politics with his sensitive music, John Samson replied, "...I'm pretty divided about a lot of things. I have a lot of doubts. I think it's important to talk about them and think them through. Politics are *alive*, they're always changing and growing, and your understanding of the world is always changing. What I try to do with music is document a bit of that friction, a bit of the difficulty in reconciling all these things, of being alive."



A Look Back at the Memorable Jazz Night

JEEHO YOO

For some reason, jazz had always seemed very elitist to me. As a kid in suddenly jazz-crazed Korea in 90s, I only saw well-dressed people playing and listening to jazz music, be it on TV talk shows or at concerts. Even after I came to Toronto as a teenager, I didn't feel I was cool or classy enough to be a jazz fan.

I did maintain certain amount of curiosity for jazz music's roots, but never got myself around getting to know it until about three years ago.

At one point, I found out that jazz was much better background music for studying than heavy metal, as Jazz FM 91.1 (formerly CJRT), slowly but surely, becoming THE radio station on my stereo.

Eventually, Miles Davis' poster replaced Led Zeppelin's. Thelonious Monk's biography was taped over an old Def Leppard concert. I started waking up to Keith Jarrett, not Iron Maiden.

About 300 heavy metal/rock albums later, I fell in love with jazz.

Which is not to say I no longer play air-guitar or air-drums. Far from it. I still love my Judas Priest and other metal heads, but it's just that I have discovered there's much more to contemporary music than blazing guitar solos of Stevie Vai and crushing drumming of Lars Ulrich.

Does that mean another 300 or so jazz albums are on the way? Considering my budget, perhaps not (and don't ask me how I ever bought that many metal albums. It's mind-boggling). Plus, I have the ever-reliable FM 91.1, which earlier in the year became the jazz-only station, and the city of Toronto is a host to a number of quality jazz festivals every summer, not to mention some cool downtown jazz clubs.

I was out of town, or country altogether, the last two summers, visiting my family in Korea, but I was determined to stay put in T.O. for this summer. The main reason was to gain some work experience here, since I had worked back home the previous two years and wanted to try different things here. Just as big a reason was to see what I missed out last couple of years by going to some jazz festivals in town.

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The MP3s Keep on Playin'

NATASHA
TILLUCKDHARRY

Napster once dominated the world of peer-to-peer file sharing networks across the globe, but it was brought to its knees at the hands of the recording industry earlier this year. To comply with its court injunction, it has been forced to block all copyrighted materials from its network.

Napster has been shut down since July 2nd and is said to be releasing its new subscription service later this year. These changes to Napster will no doubt have a crippling effect on the once vibrant network. Its waning popularity has led to an upspringing of similar programs throughout the web, which offer similar services, cost free. These networks offer to its users, essentially, what Napster once did.

When faced with the choice

of these free Networks or the subscription services becoming available, it becomes clear what the outcome will be. Really, it is the sheer convenience and absolute cheapness of downloading your favourite songs, and burning them on your own PC that caused the mass appeal of these peer-to-peer programs. Audiogalaxy Satellite, BearShare, MusicCity Morpheus, KaZaA Media Desktop, LimeWire, iMesh, Gnutella, the Fasttrack network and WinMX are just a few of the hordes of programs now available. Many of these programs even boast features such as faster downloads, automatic resumption of incomplete downloads, and larger music libraries; that make them superior to the Napster we once knew.

While some, like Audiogalaxy claim to be obedient to copy-

right laws, others make no claim to its legitimacy, but rather boast features that make their copyright infringement harder to nail. These programs turn the Internet into one giant network of shared files for users. Some programs operate on a decentralized network, where there are millions of users who connect directly to each other rather than to a central server, making it harder for the recording industry to attack.

Peer-to-peer networks seem to be an unstoppable force that even the recording industry, with all its lawsuits, can't hold down. Shutting down Napster only served to create a more refined breed of program for its freebie-seeking, computer savvy users. So, although in the eyes of many users, Napster may be dead and gone; its idea lives on.

continued from the previous page

Doing so was a solitary experience because not many around me are jazz fans and those that are couldn't find time to join me. My flexible work schedule allowed me to venture out almost as often as I hoped to, and I took full advantage of free shows offered during June's JVC and du Maurier Jazz Festivals.

There were some very intriguing ticketed events, of course, and I was able to catch one of them at the Nathan Phillips Square during du Maurier fest. Most free concerts I attended were fine —namely Norman Marshall Villeneuve sextet and John Roney Trio— but they were no match to Roy Hargrove quintet.

Hargrove is a young superstar on the trumpet scene. He, Jesse Davis (saxophone), Larry Willis (piano), Gerald Cannon (bass) and Willie Jones III (drums) put on a sizzling show on a steamy night in June.

Having seen the 5 p.m. show at the same venue just prior to Hargrove's 8:30 concert, I was allowed to stay in the tent and sit near the stage, right behind music critics and photographers.

And from one of the best seats in the house, I was completely fascinated by Hargrove's soulful, energetic and fiery playing that captured the audience from the start.

I am no jazz critic, but I know a good trumpeter when I hear one. And boy, Hargrove is an outstanding one and played as if to further validate his status as one of the very best in the business.

Except for Hargrove's questionable decision not to introduce any of the pieces, the show was flawless. Since I don't own any of his albums and had only heard some tracks on radio, not knowing the names of tunes was frustrating. But the quintet's brilliant performance that featured only killers and no

fillers more than made up for any miscues there may have been.

The show lasted for more than three hours, and I hopped into a subway train near midnight feeling pretty jazzed up.

No, I wasn't with a bunch of buddies on an empty train. I didn't steal a Coke from a half-dead friend, nor did I gaze out the window thinking I was having the best night of my life.

Instead, sipping up my water and feeling absolutely exhausted, I started picking out shows I would catch for the rest of the week.

Oh yeah, I did look out the window a couple of times. Why, sitting through two jazz concerts for nearly seven hours didn't exactly made me feel like that was my best night ever.

But I had a pretty good time nonetheless. I spent the entire day, morning to night, all by myself and rarely had I felt so free. Just like jazz music.

The Everlasting Finale - *Final Fantasy*

CRYSTAL CHAN

I have to say I am one of the many Final Fantasy fans in the world. I still remember I was just eight or nine when my brother, who is also a Final Fantasy maniac, first told me about this game (to be more exact, it's a series of games). Every time when there was a new Final Fantasy released, both of us would go crazy about it — playing it everyday, happily discussing the plot and the walkthrough, being scolded by my mum for getting too into the game — wonderful memory, huh? Final Fantasy X is coming very soon, and geez, I was just planning to play FFVI and FFVIII for one more time.

I first heard of the *Final Fantasy—the Spirit Within*, from my boyfriend this March; I immediately put this movie in my "must-see" movie list in this summer once I knew about it. Not only because I am Final Fantasy "follower" (well, have to go to the holy "theatre" to do the "worship"), but also because it's almost the foremost movie in Hollywood which is surreal (sorry, AI is real, at least the actors are), in the way there isn't any real stuff at all! But take a look at the trailer — look at our pretty Dr. Aki and her hair, look at the shirt ripples when the characters move, look at the sun-prism effect — everything looks so real, wonderful, sophisticated, brilliant. Now, with digital technologies, the unreal can become the real. Who needs a real actress when we've got our digitally animated Dr. Aki who looks so much like Victoria?

After longing it for four months (simply terrible for me), I finally got to watch the movie! The movie is simply amazing, but wait a minute, why there aren't any shadows at all under every single character's feet?

To be frank, I have to say in some way I am disappointed too. The plot is just okay — sometimes in the future the whole world is overtaken by the aliens, or phantoms. They have arrived in a meteorite, which has killed most life on earth when it crashed. And the phantoms keep "consuming" human beings by sucking out their spirits. So, Dr. Aki Ross, our protagonist in the movie, comes and tries to save the Mother Earth by the New Age theory proposed by her mentor, Dr. Sid. If I watch this movie without being told the name, I'd think that the title is "Independence Day, the digital version" or something like that, but definitely not Final Fantasy. As any Final Fantasy fans knows, the game talks about magic and monsters, but not guns and alien invasion! Oh well, you might say that they deliberately do that just to show their advanced digital technologies.

No matter what people think about it, the movie is a breakthrough in Hollywood. I'm sure that there'll be more digital movies like Final Fantasy, even though actors in Hollywood may feel a bit insecure about this progress. In the past, the game has only been enjoyed by a small group of people, and has not been welcomed by North Americans, who would prefer "the Magic Gate" kind of RPG games. Now, the game has already been borrowed by Hollywood for their first digital movie. And since FFVI, the Final Fantasy series has become more and more popular in North America. Final Fantasy: Forever!

UNDER THE SPELL OF THE SCORPION

Woody Allen's latest is an affectionate throwback to 40's glitz and glamour

BENJAMIN WRIGHT
EDITOR'S PICK

The Curse of the Jade Scorpion is a candy-sized morsel of nostalgia that plays like a companion piece to Woody Allen's own *Radio Days*, a similarly pat tale set in the era when men wore fedoras and women were called a variety of things from *sweethearts* to *broad*. And even though the films of the period were largely in black-and-white, it would not be a stretch to believe, as Mr. Allen does, that the Manhattan skyline reflects a perpetual orange-glow.

In all its smug innocence, *The Curse of the Jade Scorpion* is a rather trite puzzle that further polarises Mr. Allen's cinematic palette.

Like last summer's *Small Time Crooks*, a snappy caper flick that managed to criticise our corporate culture without seeming preachy or overzealous, Mr. Allen returns again to his Vaudeville-inspired neuroses, handing out enough one-liners, zingers, and jaw-droppers to keep the Henny Youngman fan club in business for another few years. While some of the witticisms are sharply observed, many fall flat, including Mr. Allen's attempt to act overly flustered with one of his domineering co-workers. Instead of being a

charming character trait, it simply comes off as being un-inspired and pedestrian. But, despite, its flaws and slight exaggerations, *Scorpion* is a quick escape that manages to subvert the politics of *Crooks* with elements of fantasy.

Mr. Allen plays C.W. Briggs, a top insurance investigator at a New York firm who prides himself on his keen ability to solve any insurance crime by getting into the head of the thief. A stickler for old-fashioned gumshoe methods, such as guesstimation and pure luck, Briggs comes under scrutiny by the new efficiency expert, Betty Ann (Helen Hunt). Betty is that wartime heroine with flowing blonde hair and an over-sized attitude, ready to do battle with any know-it-all male. Think Lauren Bacall in *The Big Sleep*; Betty Ann pouts and grimaces and has a penchant for inflicting spicy, if winded, insults to her male co-workers, namely Briggs.

After a crunchy opening, the film settles on a *what if?* scenario that places Briggs and Betty Ann squarely in the middle of a jewel heist, conceived by a deep-voiced hypnotist impresario named Voltan (David Ogden Stiers). During a night-out at the Rainbow Room, Briggs and Betty Ann are chosen to participate in a seemingly innocent game of hypnosis that is a surface ploy by Voltan, whose real objective is to use his new subjects as cohorts in an elaborate series of jewel heists.

Mr. Allen's attuned eye for comic irony shines brightly as Briggs and Betty Ann—while hypnotised—fall deep into each other's arms and profess their undying love for the other. Mr. Allen and Ms. Hunt's rake on the hypnotised subject is ardently amusing, if lacking a more defined depth that haunts many other Woody Allen characters, such as the eccentric gypsy (Dianne Weist) in another period tale, *Bullets Over Broadway*.

Known for his casting of virtual unknowns and regularly-featured players, Mr. Allen hits a snag on *Scorpion*. Unlike



the *culcha* seeking New *Yawker* wife in *Small Time Crooks* (played by Tracy Ullman), the acting talents (?) of Elizabeth Berkeley are employed to give breath to the prototypical 40s gal: the no-nonsense do-gooder who has more bosom than brains.

Charlize Theron—playing the femme fatale daughter of wealthy jewel owners—melts the screen with her curves, but stands awkwardly in the presence of Ms. Hunt's laughable and lovable Betty or even Dan Aykroyd's Chris Magruder, the insurance company's front man who has an eye for Betty Ann.

Mr. Allen's location staples of lower Manhattan shine ever so boldly, and the soundtrack jumps and races with a frenetic beat.

The student of Mr. Allen's art-house heritage, namely in the works of Fellini and Bergman, will note a few spare moments of homage, but *Grand Illusion* this is not. And that is fine. For, one must remember that the director of *Manhattan* and *Annie Hall* produces one film a year, a feat that goes unchallenged by any other American director. Such light morsels of good fun are a reminder that even with age and experience, one never loses hold of a sense of humour. B

THE SUMMER THAT KICKED



Martial Arts, The Flavour Of The Season In Kiss Of The Dragon and Rush Hour 2

KAREN LIU

FILM CRITIC

Following the critical and box-office success of last year's *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, Hollywood has decided to cash in on the Asian Invasion, and the masses are jumping on the bandwagon for all things Oriental. The wave began with the import of John Woo to mainstream Hollywood and is now carried on by Jet Li, Jackie Chan, and of course, newcomer and ingenue Zhang Ziyi. As I am coming from a Canadian-born Chinese perspective, this mad craving for Asian fare is being observed with much amusement, and I do not believe that I am alone in this. Do we not detect the hint of a satirical and self-referential tone in the two Asian-flavoured films on the summer menu, *Kiss of the Dragon* and *Rush Hour 2*? Jet Li and

Jackie Chan handle these two films with a tongue-in-cheek approach that not only satisfies the basic craving of rock-'em sock-'em action, but also provides a knowing dig in its commentary on Western perceptions of Asian culture.

The late and legendary Bruce Lee embodied the archetypal stoic, immovable, workaholic Chinese male, and he is resurrected in *Kiss of the Dragon* in the form of Jet Li. It should be noted that Mr. Li himself was chosen by the Chinese government to be trained as a martial arts superstar in an attempt to restore pride to China after the scandal-filled death of Bruce Lee. Mr. Li plays Liu Jian, a Chinese intelligence officer on assignment in Paris to protect a Chinese VIP only to discover that he was imported to be a scapegoat in a conspiracy led by a corrupted police official (Tchéky Karyo).

Sporting Bruce Lee's trademark bowl haircut and stoicism, Liu Jian faces his foes and beats them mechanically one "level" after another, much like a game of *Double Dragon*, or even Mr. Lee's final film, *Game Of Death*

(1978). One notable twist is that Liu Jian uses acupuncture not only as a tool for healing but also for combat.

The fish-out-of-water scenario is carried out with conventional bliss, but the real attraction is Mr. Li's outstanding attempts to topple the entire Paris police force with his bare hands. Longtime collaborator Corey Yuen (*The Matrix*) assists Jet Li in choreographing the often elaborate and innovative fight scenes.

Rush Hour 2 is one of those rare sequels that actually deliver more than its predecessor did. Picking up immediately where *Rush Hour* left off, with the two chums on their way to Hong Kong, the fish-out-of-water is now Chris Tucker's character, Detective James Carter, on Inspector Lee's (Jackie Chan) turf. Carter's vacation is curbed by Lee's typical Asian workaholic mentality, and the two get wrapped up in a case involving counterfeit American "superbills."

Carter shows his "Blackinese" while Lee appears to be "black at heart" (think of Chan bopping to Puff Daddy). On the trail of former police cop and now Triad boss Ricky Tan, played by the unrecognizable John Lone (*The Last Emperor*), the two rush past many Hong Kong landmarks. Zhang Ziyi appears as the rebel Hu Li who seeks Ricky Tan's position as the overlord.

One of the film's weaknesses is the way director Brett Ratner gives into gratuity, making Carter and Lee little more than lecherous cops, particularly in Carter's buffet scene at an Asian massage parlor. Despite the film's dependency on racial biases, the formula works as it entertains, and both cops learn from each other.

The scenes in Hong Kong are remarkable, with many inside references to the culture that is not seen outside Hong Kong cinema. The outtakes are worth the price of admission, with the promise of a third film.

Gourmet cuisine both films are not, but like fast Chinese take-out, both quickly satisfy the immediate craving and give bang to your buck. I confess, like many other students, I, too, live off the Chinese take-out trucks outside Roberts library. Hey, if I can live thus far, then the Asian fad may survive a little longer. *Kiss of the Dragon*: B *Rush Hour 2*: B+

FILM NOTES



A.I. IN THREE ACTS

BENJAMIN WRIGHT
FILM EDITOR

It has yet to be determined how history will judge *A.I. Artificial Intelligence*. My aim is to provide a provocative analysis of this important film. Very few writers, in fact, have approached *A.I.* from a critical standpoint, perhaps because of its relative newness or simply because of its elusive nature. In dividing *A.I.* into a three-tiered paradigm based solely on its three-act structure, I can readily examine the film's music by composer John Williams.

In the early 1990s, Stanley Kubrick, the director of *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Eyes Wide Shut*, confided in Steven Spielberg. After tinkering for well over ten years with the idea of a robot boy who yearns to be human, the reclusive old man asked the director of *Jaws* and *Schindler's List* if he would help conceive this cinematic child. The reluctant Spielberg did not agree to helm the project, fearing that he was perhaps better suited not to meddle with a Kubrick-inspired fable, until after Mr. Kubrick's untimely death in 1998.

Relevant to both filmmakers is the theme of love, artificial or not. The HAL 9000 computer in 2001 tempted its human counterparts with an ironic sense of emotional depth. While HAL did not have the capacity to love, it did have more human qualities than the astronauts on board the spacecraft.

In Spielberg's own *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, the status of the current Ameri-

can family is probed amidst surrounding 'alien' circumstances. Roy Neary feels it necessary to abandon his wife and children in order to pursue a personal journey; a journey that will hopefully lead him to his rightful home. Thus, for Spielberg, the issue of love is manifested in the Home, traditional or not. Even small Barry in *Close Encounters* is reunited with his mother in the end, safe from the colder elements of an unrelenting society. With *A.I.* Spielberg revisits the theme of a mother's love for her child, but spins the convention to read: a child's unwavering adoration for its mother.

The First Act

A.I. opens with a lengthy, meditative shot of the swelling ocean. An off-screen voice narrates a short passage, which sets up the action to follow. From the beginning, the warm waters are a reminder of a mother's womb, a safe harbour in which one can thrive and grow. After some necessary exposition, we enter the home of the Swintons, a family not unlike the Spielbergian example in *The Color Purple*, *Empire of the Sun*, and *Close Encounters*. This entire first act unfolds in the confines of the Swinton home. The spectator views what David, the Swinton's robotic child, observes. His impressionable mind examines this newly minted future world as we do, for the first time. It is a world full of

confusion, uncertainty, and forced warmth. Just as Elliot in *E.T.* suffered the effects of a broken home, David witnesses how he is the root cause of a family in disrepair, and how a mother that he has been programmed to love will not love him in return.

We are introduced to John Williams's score in the very first scene, where Professor Hobby conducts a lecture in a stifle, coolly lit theatre. Played on strings, Williams builds a formal scherzo using the modernist flavours of Gyorgy Ligeti's 'Atmospheres' suite. In turn, Williams crafts an anxious first movement that will later mirror the frenzied, staccato rhythms of the middle act.

A second, more playful melody envelops much of this first act. Performed on piano, harp, and synthesizers, this nine-note motif is the spectator's first glimpse into the catfrenzy mind of David. He views everything as an act of love, exemplified by the unsettling game of hide and seek that he plays with his mother, Monica.

When David receives the final authorization codes from Monica, he deliberately responds to a query with 'mommy.' Williams complements this plot point with a musical leitmotif that will not be developed, however, until the third act, where it is given a full statement by solo voice and orchestra.

The first act ends with the abandonment sequence. Again, this is familiar Spielberg territory, as witnessed in *Empire of the Sun* when Jim loses sight of his parents and spends the rest of the film trying to get home. Conversely, in *A.I.* it is Monica who consciously loses David in the woods, amongst the phallic trees. This is, perhaps, a sign of David's impending maturity and transfer to adulthood. Here, Williams introduces a patchwork of string motifs. The primary phrase is a Hermann-esque rise and fall strategy that echoes the movement of the stormy seas. After all, if David is left alone he is liable to be swallowed up by the melted ice caps that have flooded nearby cities.

The Second Act

The second act begins with David's displacement from the family home, and the introduction to Gigolo Joe. Here, the composer's classical sensibilities are altered somewhat by a Kubrick-inspired minimalism. In fact, this act is almost entirely the work of Stanley Kubrick. Through a variety of sources, Spielberg has channelled the thoughts and wishes of the late filmmaker to create a dissonant, disjointed, and sometimes troubling middle act.

As David longs for companionship, and more importantly a source of protection from the world, he grips his Teddy with great enthusiasm. It isn't hard to believe that Teddy can mend itself, for it too is a Super Toy, replete with a voice similar to that of the HAL computer. Its authoritative tone and self-conscious idiosyncrasies help to continue the theme of robotic 'humility' over human indifference.

Upon entering Rouge City, a fluorescent nightmare town, Joe and David pass through a bridge in the shape of a woman's mouth. Not only are we reminded of Monica, but also of the maternal connection that the film precipitates. It is also im-

portant to note the physical similarity between the French nanny-bot and Monica, albeit one crucial difference: the nanny protects David from on-lookers at the Flesh Fair.

The motif for Rouge City is filled with heavy brass figures mixed with atonal ambience. Williams introduces a frightening motif to underscore David's kidnapping, but keeps the memory of home alive with the aforementioned nine-note melody on strings and winds.

Gyorgy Ligeti's influence is a principle attribute to *A.I.*'s middle act musical structure. The composer of several segments in 2001, Ligeti pioneered the minimalist formalism of mid-twentieth century composition. Along with contemporaries such as Philip Glass and Steve Reich, Kubrick had intended portions of *A.I.* to be scored with atonal uncertainty, much like Ligeti's *Lux Aeterna* theme from 2001.

The Mecha World represents Williams's foray into the world of percussive minimalism. Relying on the full capabilities of a classical orchestra to convey the impressions of a sunken society, Williams blends Glass's dissonant string masses with his own rhythmic arpeggios.

At this point, the third act is upon us, or at least musically speaking. The synthesized elements dissipate just as David sinks to the bottom of the ocean and discovers the faux Blue Fairy. Williams scores this scene with a lyrical five-note motif, which is a minor-key variation on Monica's theme. Its melancholic nature is reflective of David's own failure to become real. However heart-wrenching this passage may be, we must not forget what lies ahead.

The Third Act

As the spectator is jettisoned two thousand years into the future, the sound track swells with the Ligeti minimalism that I discussed earlier. A choir breathes life into a series of atonal passages, while Williams's trademark piano echoes an unrelenting series of random notes that finally lead to a muted climax. The extended track bleeds into a melodic and structured phrase with ambient timpani and choral components.

Then, out of the ice and ambience is Monica's theme, revisited. A two-note piano entr'acte resonates for a few brief bars and then segues into a full statement for cello and orchestra. The theme is based on a simple four-note introduction, which leads to an equally sombre trio of notes in a major key. Williams does not allude to the artificial nature of David's homecoming, but instead wraps the finale around the optimistic tones of Monica's lullaby. A similar feat, credited to Williams, appears in the finale to *Close Encounters* where the vague five-note signal is translated into an exultant final movement.

Without going into unnecessary (and rather pedestrian) detail about the significance or 'meaning' of this last section, I will only say that *A.I.*'s finale is not a letdown, but rather a meditation on humanity. However purist or rudimentary this sounds, it is but a 'flat fact' that the love for a parent is a phenomenon, a facet of behaviour, that few can truly understand.

Photo Left: Spielberg and Osment



SHOCK THERAPIST

What You'll Find In The Mind of
David Cronenberg



BENJAMIN WRIGHT
FILM EDITOR

After dabbling in no less than three disciplines at the University of Toronto, David Cronenberg found his niche in the grotesque. Blending his knowledge of the biological sciences, literature, and the moving picture, this Toronto native continues to twist, maim, and bleed his way through the dark corridors of genre filmmaking.

Following a slew of student-produced schlock pictures at the University, the young would-be director convinced

the ever-cerebral CBC to fund his next project called *Shivers* (1975), a twisted take on the mad-scientist genre. Dealing with themes of parasitic abnormalities and a general malaise amongst a population of sexually deprived deviants, Mr. Cronenberg built the foundation for several future works, including his 1977 follow-up vampire pic, *Rabid*.

In 1979, *The Brood* was released in Canada, and followed the same path as these two aforementioned works, including the use of get-to-the-point, fierce tides. *The Brood* represented a shift towards the cerebral; a theme that would regenerate in later Cronenberg pictures. In a memorable scene, a group of deformed children unwittingly attack the parents of a lobotomized protagonist. The stench of Todd Browning's own *Freaks* has never been more apparent.

In keeping with the Cronenberg discourse, one must remember that the brain is perhaps the fleshiest and most vulnerable organ in the human body, leaving it open to a wide range of diseased possibilities. Take, for example, the explosive *Scanners* (1981), a film that helped him reach the American market. Not only a cult favourite, this sci-fi movie has also generated a new definition for the word headache.

In the 1980s, his films had the requisite skills to combine the Hollywood experience with the personal vision of an educated and innovative director. The timely issues of cell-regeneration and mutation are present in *The*

Fly (1986), which nicely adds to the original 1958 version due to stellar photography and an eerie performance by Jeff Goldblum. The Cronenberg eye for set design is most notable in this film, with the transport pod of Seth Brundle looking like the womb of a giant insect. Furthermore, the Hollywood-Independent synthesis of *The Fly* and the Christopher Walken pic, *The Dead Zone*, (adapted from a Stephen King novel in 1983) describes Mr. Cronenberg's unending struggle to keep his films personal yet readily available to his horror-hungry fans.

"Cronenberg keeps his films personal yet readily available to his horror-hungry fans."

Tackling more timely issues in *Videodrome* (1983), the director of organic and biologically-adept chillers switches gears to discuss and dismantle the sexual diversions of modern Man, especially when it comes to video-dating and the like. Sporting his trademark dark backgrounds and sterile foregrounds, the horror director manages to keep the analytical edge in this techno-thriller just long enough to make an auteurist critic a happy camper.

A PRIEST, A RABBI AND MEL GIBSON WALK INTO A BAR...

A Practical Guide to Surviving the
Toronto International Film Festival

RYAN JACOBSON

I'm sitting here typing away, as I feel compelled to do when sitting in front of a computer. I am soon distracted by the subtle melody of the 'Hollywood Squares' theme song. I swivel my chair around and begin watching, hoping to God that the first contestant doesn't pick Whoopi. He does. At this moment I think to myself, 'I haven't seen a Portuguese film in some time. I would like to see a Portuguese film.' Then I remember the Toronto International Film Festival is back for its 26th year.

As luck would have it, the Festival was featuring a series of films by black, gay, midget, feminists, six-toed Portuguese filmmakers. After retaining composure, I remind myself of a few invaluable tips for successfully navigating the film festival.

The most important thing for any festival enthusiast is to learn proper etiquette when dealing with celebrities. During the festival, celebrities and fake celebrities are plentiful and most people forget their manners. For example, while the festival is going on, it's almost impossible to get a respectably sized entourage at a reasonable price. For this reason, the festive must learn to communicate with the celebrity. (A quick note: if the person whom you think is a celebrity tells stories about hanging out with the third cousins of famous people or their dentists, they probably aren't a celebrity.)

"[Celebrities] have nasty tempers and can snap at any time."

Say you're in line at McDonald's and you find yourself next to Julia Roberts or you're shopping for linoleum at Ball Build-All and run into Anthony Hopkins, what is one to do? A good way to initiate contact and maintain a conversation with your celebrity is to stare at them until they take notice of you, rather than referring to

them informally by their first name and making as much body contact as possible. At this point, celebrities enjoy talking about their latest divorce or break-up and secretly want you to ask them about it. Generally, a good rule of thumb is to appear as if you know everything about them and demonstrate this with an obscure fact. For example, when Anthony Hopkins slams his supermarket wagon into yours, casually tell him, "I remember when you played Hitler." Such an obscure reference will no doubt make his day.

If your celebrity finds you interesting they may invite you to a festival party, such as the one thrown by the Canadian Film Institute, but this is where you and your new friend must part ways. At these events, the organizers shuffle the celebrities into specially cordoned-off areas separate from the non-celebrities. This is done for the protection of the general public. No matter how well behaved the average celebrity may appear at times, they have nasty tempers and can snap at anytime.

Given that at one of these events one is now forced to talk to normal people—all of whom are 'producers'—the savvy partygoer can benefit from a simple truth: just like any movie is improved by the insertion of a robot or monkey, so is party conversation.

The word monkey is amusing all on its own. For example, you are at a dinner party and the conversation has moved to a discussion of the great painters of the last century. One person says, 'I think Picasso's blue period represents a much more important phase in his career than it is given credit for.' Another person says, 'It definitely hasn't received the attention his later cubist period did, although I did see a splendid exhibition of it a couple of years ago.'

As all eyes turn to you. Instead of repeating tired old clichés and continuing a conversation past its due date you could say 'I like monkeys.' Think of the wonderful new places that this simple statement could take the conversation. Your off-the-cuff remark would point the droning conversation to more interesting topics like what do they feed monkeys, what monkeys would make the best pets, and will domesticated servant monkeys someday take over the world? Of course, this is a silly debate to most producers, who know that servant monkeys won't take over the world, they'll direct.

No celebrities were harmed, insulted, or euthanised during the writing of this article.



Perhaps his finest psychological film is the 1987 critical fave, *Dead Ringers*, with Jeremy Irons (x2) as dueling gynecologists who vie for the affection of one woman. Again, the sterile atmosphere is an unsettling reminder of our own deep, dark desires, and the issue of genetic malfunction is dealt with a cool, uncompromising tone. Always one for subtle dissatisfaction, the Cronenberg diatribe goes even further this time to suggest that even relationships and love are elements of human destruction.

Continuing to divert from his roots, in 1991 Mr. Cronenberg directed the "unfilmable" adaptation of William S. Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*. Why unfilmable? I believe it has something to do with a typewriter transforming into a giant insect halfway through the film.

After the critically admired *M. Butterfly* in 1993, Mr. Cronenberg returned to the themes of human carnage and perverse sexual drives. With *Crash*, the fifty-something director examined the automobile fetish, and with *Existenz* (1999), he provided a reality-essay of the human condition for all would-be philosophy students. Not entirely memorable, but then again, after *Crash*, it is almost impossible to shock an audience. I say almost because one day, not too long from now, David Cronenberg will reach into his bag of fleshy tricks and find one more way to make us squirm.

Photo Left: Cronenberg on set

Photo Above: Jeff Goldblum in *The Fly*

INTERVIEW

IN TUNE WITH ROLFE KENT

BENJAMIN WRIGHT
FILM EDITOR

Earlier this summer, I had the opportunity to speak with film composer Rolfe Kent. After setting his sights on Hollywood a few years ago, Mr. Kent has since built up a filmography that includes the scores for *Election* and most recently, *Legally Blonde*. Exploring the relationship between a composer and a director, Mr. Kent delves into theories behind his music, especially for the unique score to Neil LaBute's *Nurse Betty*.

Benjamin Wright: What drew you to the world of film music?

Rolfe Kent: At the age of twelve I decided that if I was to write music, I ought to be writing it for film. Although I've done different things I've always gravitated back to composing.

BW: Growing up, whom did you admire in the film music community?

RK: John Barry beyond anybody else. Today, Ennio Morricone, Rachel Portman, and Zbigniew Preisner are composers that I admire. You see, for me, music is a form of communication. It doesn't have to be for people who know music. Its role in cinema is to help tell the story.

BW: That's precisely why I admired your *Nurse Betty* score simply because it not only acted as a narrative voice, but it also gave the film a rhythm. Betty's quirky movement is complemented by the unobtrusive sound of plucking strings.

RK: That's one of those things that always fascinate me. I mean, by and large, I don't know what the music is going to do. I know what the job is to do, but I don't know how it's going to interact until you try things out and suddenly you see rhythms appear in the action that weren't there before. And, as you say, it's the rhythm of the music that is somehow interacting with the action.

BW: When composing material, are you inherently aware of the score's ability to hold up on the CD soundtrack?



RK: It seems to me there are two basic jobs to do. The essential one is to serve the film. If you serve the film and write music that stands up... then you've done something for them and for yourself. And so that's the thing that one aspires to. You hope that somehow or another the music has some sense of integrity on its own. But that's not the primary job.

BW: So how important is it to you that the score be peppered with a central theme of musical phrase that is representative of the main characters or their situation?

RK: Generally, there are a handful of them. There is a central sound and that is essential to me.

BW: Basically, you're setting a tone for the film.

RK: Exactly. Generally, I'll have a handful of themes for

the score. In *Nurse Betty*, I can think of at least four distinct themes. Those are the themes that we draw upon for almost everything in the entire film. From our earliest discussions on that film, there was clearly going to be a soap opera theme. And I said, "Fine I'll write an obviously cheesy soap opera theme." Then I thought, wouldn't it be interesting if it were translated into a more emotionally significant theme for the film? So that's what happened. It immediately became the love theme for Betty. The moment where she first meets Dr. David Ravell (Greg Kinnear) at a big party, both her theme and the soap opera theme are interwoven and it becomes an emotionally significant peak. And it really was derived from this one original soap opera idea. I love doing that.

BW: How did you come to work on *Nurse Betty*?

RK: I suspect what happened was that Neil [LaBute] was in the edit room trying different music from different people to help the picture play better. And some of music they were trying was mine from *Election*. Fairly early on they decided it was quite a quirky film. And I guess they thought, "Rolfe writes quirky music." It seemed less quirky when we started working on it, though.



BW: Is a director-composer partnership an essential characteristic of your working style?

RK: Working as a composer, I see that directors are very apprehensive about working with music. There's not a language to music. Once you've gotten that communication relationship worked out with a director, then it's actually far simpler to hang on to it.

BW: In the writing process, are you in close contact with the director?

RK: I'm on my own, by and large. What happens is we have a spotting session which is when me, the director, and the editor sit down and watch the entire film and make detailed notes as to where we think the music should go, and what the music is supposed to do. I write down as many adjectives that the director comes out with because as I go for my walks trying to figure out what the theme should be, I keep going over those adjectives and seeing what sense I can make of them.

BW: What triggered the inspiration for Betty's theme?

RK: In the case of *Nurse Betty*, her theme came from me driving to the supermarket and I had this rhythm in my head. It's an odd rhythm, I think it's 6/8. And as I left the supermarket after having done my shopping, I had the melody already worked out. In both cases, I just hummed it into the little tape recorder that I keep with me and then tried it on the piano when I got home. In the end, it was simply about her spirit. Therefore, the theme had to embody on her behalf a degree of charm, romance, but also a degree of indomitable spirit.

BW: In my own experience, I've noticed a great distance between those who study film and those who study music. Directors and film scholars know very little about the technical points of music, and vice versa. So it's left, in my opinion, to the film composers who have an innate ability to transcend film and music and create an understandable musical/cinematic universe.

RK: I can remember Philip Glass referring to himself as a theatre composer. Specifically meaning that he didn't write music for music's sake; he wrote music for a theatrical circumstance. Any film composer would qualify in the same way. We're not about music for its own sake, but then again, it's interesting to me that somehow things got separated. Prokofiev wrote film music as did Aaron Copland. And Korngold, when he first came to Hollywood, he came from being a classical composer. And yet largely people tend to think of them as being very separate activities. And yet over history most composers have written for specific

circumstances. From Mozart to Bach, they were working on commissions. I think it's a very standard thing to be doing in composition. Academia tends to shy away from the populist element to scoring. That's my problem with academia. If it's not communicating, then what's the point?

BW: Getting back to your ideas on music and communication...

RK: Well, that's the function of music. Something else in music that I've always enjoyed is the psychological aspect. For example, high frequencies tend to elicit excitement; I don't know why, but they do. I read a study once where they surveyed a huge number of members of the public asking them, 'has a piece of music ever brought you to tears? And if so, what piece of music and at what moment?' They found that it occurred every time the main theme was stated a semi-tone higher! It's so great to be able to take music and create expectations in the listener and really achieve communication.

VIDEO CORNER

BARI GOODIS
VIDEO CRITIC

The way that I see it, going back to school can be viewed as a mixed blessing. With the freedom of summer behind us, we find ourselves faced with a new kind of freedom where the choices that we make can ultimately determine our future. This month's edition of the Video Corner will focus on two films that take the concept of freedom and use it as the backbone to chronicle the adventures of a lifetime.

Cameron Crowe's *Almost Famous* (2000) can be seen as a tribute to all facets of life. It tells the story of fifteen-year-old William Miller and his journey on the road as a rock journalist for Rolling Stone. This film captures the spirit and essence of the early 1970s and presents it to us as an homage to the people, culture, and music that defined this era. To experience *Almost Famous* is to delve into that place of innocence and hope inside of you, a place that you might not even realize you still have. When the film is over, you feel as if you have just been let in on a closely guarded secret, and you feel privileged to have been invited along for the ride. *Almost Famous* is the type of film that you watch and wish that you could somehow penetrate through your television set to join in on the adventure.

Another such film is Tom Hanks's *That Thing You Do!* which is told with the same degree of passion as *Almost Famous*, but never seemed to find an audience during its brief theatrical run in 1996. Hanks wrote, directed, and co-starred in this film that chronicles the rise and fall of a young pop band poised on the edge of superstardom, but unable to handle the pressures of success. *That Thing You Do!* is one of those films that everyone loves once they see it, but one that few people have actually seen. It is presented to us as a snapshot of pop culture during a time when people were just beginning to revel in their impending freedom. Set in the early 1960s, Hanks uses music as a way of capturing the American spirit during the early days of rock-n-roll. *That Thing You Do!* has a timeless quality about it, much in the same way as *Almost Famous*. Both films are tributes to a time in the past when life was simple, and to watch either film is to escape from the pressures of your life, even if it is just for a little while.

Both films are available on Special Edition DVD, although a Hanks-driven commentary track in *That Thing* is sorely absent from the disc's sparse features.

**INTERESTED IN WRITING FILM
REVIEWS FOR THE HERALD?**

**HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR
COMMENTS?**

**E-MAIL BENJAMIN WRIGHT AT
THE_INNIS_HERALD@HOTMAIL.COM**

BY THE NUMBERS

AUGUST

Top Five August Box Office

(Total U.S. Receipts to Date in Millions)

1. Rush Hour 2: 183m
2. Planet of the Apes: 167m
3. American Pie 2: 109m
4. The Princess Diaries: 82.5m
5. The Others: 46.2m



Critical Summary

Curse of the Jade Scorpion: B

Rush Hour 2: B

Planet of the Apes: B

The Others: C+

Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back: C-

American Pie 2: C

Captain Corelli's Mandolin: C-

The Princess Diaries: D

Rat Race: D

Summer Catch: F

Ghosts of Mars: F



PLANET OF THE APES

Dir. Tim Burton
Mark Wahlberg, Tim Roth
20th Century Fox
LEILAH AMBROSE

There are a few things that idiosyncratically define Tim Burton's directorial style. From the eeriness of *Batman's* Gotham City to the *Caligari*-inspired mansion of *Edward Scissorhands*, the charmingly uncouth director has virtually trail-blazed a route away from Hollywood's predictable, nondescript path by defining himself in terms of the outlandish and esoteric.

The screenwriters, composers, and set-designers with which he surrounds himself are undeniably a kitschy conglomerate of B-movie spice, and, in turn, produce a product that lacks a certain depth or insight. But when I experience a Tim Burton film, it is for eye candy and not brain food. For this reason, I embrace the re-imagining of *Planet of the Apes*, not as an enlightened and actively political satire, but as a violent, gothic charge of potentially stylish filmmaking.

The revamped plot follows roughly the same parameters as the original 1968 version. Once again there is a human astronaut, Leo Davidson (Mark Wahlberg), who is sucked through an inter-dimensional porthole and crash-lands on THE PLANET OF THE APES (*dun-dun-dun!*).

Soon afterwards, Leo is unceremoniously rounded up and slave-traded by simian overseers. On this planet, humans are entirely subjugated to the whims and cruelty of their apish masters. The other imprisoned humans conspire the reluctant hero as their messiah to lead a crew of refugees to another part of the planet, where both the story of inverted evolution and freedom awaits.

The remake does not touch the original '68 parable in terms of blind dramatics or political content. Films are coloured by the social consciousness of their era, and Franklin J. Schaffner's version, based on the novel by Pierre Boulle delved into all sorts of sixties-era queries of race and representation: what happens when the oppressed (in this case, yes, apes) unanimously revolt against Man?

Mr. Burton has recognized that hype perpetuates summer blockbusters, and *Planet of the Apes* is one of the most overhyped films in recent memory. Some have noted that Mr. Burton's vision is full of shallow characterizations: Estella Warren's lead female human is pretty, yet superfluous; Mr. Wahlberg's character lacks a sense of depth and spirit. The creepy sexual dimension to the relationship between Tim Burton's presence behind camera is evident in many ways. The timpani-thumping score by long-time composing partner, Danny Elfman, adds the necessary atmosphere, while Rick Baker's stellar ape make-up does much to seed chills through any damned, dirty human. B



GHOST WORLD

Dir. Terry Zwigoff
Thora Birch, Steve Buscemi
Alliance Atlantis
FELICIA MIGLIORE

In high school there are always people like Enid and Rebecca, the two main characters of Terry Zwigoff's *Ghost World*, based on Daniel Clowes' underground comic. Enid and Rebecca are bright outsiders who share an "us against the world" mentality. Their ironic commentary is used to fight against a society filled with superficial and sentimental phonies.

Enid, played by Thora Birch of *American Beauty*, knows she does not fit into commercialized America and rebels against everything considered normal. While at her high school prom classmates talk about going to college and finding jobs, Enid is proud to say that she does not have any plans for her future, and she has no intention of making any. Instead, she and her friend Rebecca (Scarlett Johansson) fill their days by hanging out at a retro diner, reading the personals, and following random people who appeal to them, such as a couple in the diner who strike Enid as Satanists.

Ghost World is rich with supporting characters, such as Enid's pretentious and untalented summer school art teacher, Roberta (Illeana Douglas). In addition there is Doug (Dave Sheridan), the lowlife regular at the convenience store where Enid's crush, Josh (Brad Renfro), works. Doug's scenes with the angry boss of the store, Brain George, seem natural enough to be improvised. In moments like these *Ghost World* hits the perfect comedic note.

When Enid and Rebecca answer a personal ad as a joke, they meet Seymour (Steve Buscemi), a pathetic and lonely man who collects old 78 rpm records. As Rebecca and Enid slowly grow apart, Enid spends more time with Seymour. At first Seymour is just another person for Enid to taunt. She tries to find him a mate with similar interests, but as Seymour points out, "I don't want to meet someone who shares my interests. I hate my interests."

After awhile Enid and Seymour bond. As Enid explains, "He's the exact opposite of all the things I hate." Having both isolated themselves from society, they take comfort in their shared loneliness.

Ghost World, however, is not your typical teen film. Most problems cannot be solved in a matter of days or weeks, and *Ghost World* recognizes this. The relationship between Enid and Seymour is left open, demanding more from audiences who have been pampered with happy Hollywood endings.

As in the comic book, resolution only occurs on the level of a minor character, but the symbolism attached to this resolution suggests the beginning of something new. Enid is intelligent, artistic, and loveable. She has everything to make it big in the world, if only the world would adjust to her. A



THE OTHERS

Dir. Alejandro Amenábar
Nicole Kidman
Alliance Atlantis
MARTY DETWEILLER

The Others marks the English language debut of 29 year-old Spanish director Alejandro Amenábar. Set in a post-war gothic mansion on the Channel Islands, a straight-forward tale of ghostly horror envelops the central characters—a frosty mother (Nicole Kidman) and her two inquisitive children—like the ever-present fog that bangs over the Manderley-era castle.

Grace (Kidman) champions her ability to thwart off enemy invasion during the war, and in turn, functions as a rigidly Catholic mother. Aided by a trio of suspicious do-gooders, Grace welcomes the three houseguests to her home, in hope of taking some pressure off her already fragile state of mind.

The new groundskeeper and two in-house servants are given a tour of the manor that is eerily familiar to them, and are told by Grace that the two children must be kept hidden from daylight, for they suffer from a debilitating disease that, when exposed to sunlight, will develop blisters, sores, and eventually perish from the illness.

Mr. Amenábar—who also wrote the screenplay and musical score for the film—layers a traditional haunted house strategy that is closer to *The Shining* than the 1963 or 1999 versions of *The Haunting*. Substituting literal substance for suffocating style, Mr. Amenábar fills his gothic castle with the necessary creaks and whispers to make anybody hide their face in their hands. While screeching cellos echo a mournful melody, as if caught permanently in the castle's pipes, little Anne (Alakina Mann) tells her mother of a family of "intruders" that are plaguing her and her brother. Like the imaginary Tony in *The Shining*, the smallest of the visitors, a boy named Victor, taunts the frail youngens, and eventually threatens to tear away all visible drapes and curtains.

In an attempt to blend gothic horror with European subtleties, Mr. Amenábar fills his frame with excess amounts of Rembrandt lighting, mostly construed from the light of Grace's hand-held lantern. It is apparent that he wants to scare his audience the old fashioned way, not with what you see, but with what you hear. The Golden Fleece of cinematic silence is a virtuous deed, but without the necessary clues and story information needed to keep you guessing, Mr. Amenábar has seemingly pulled a fast one on his audience and, unlike the crafty nuances of *The Sixth Sense*, he spends little time setting up the one-two punch ending.

Ms. Kidman's inadequate presence only dampens the under-cooked story, while the two children, who greatly resemble the portraiture of Dutch and Flemish masters, provide some cherub-inspired comic relief. C+

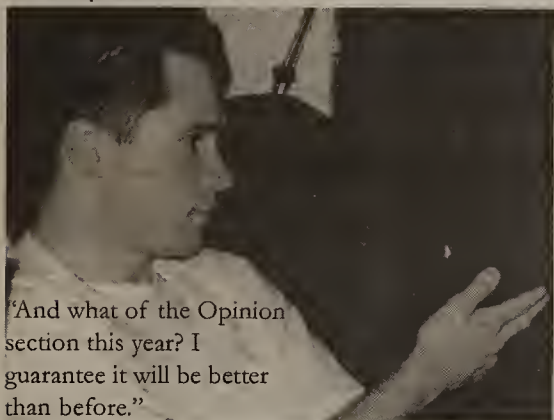
What Is To Be Done?

STEVEN JUG

OPINION SECTION EDITOR

I choose not to begin the opinion section with some clichéd words about the new school year. The break provided by the summer has been beneficial for me as I return to the opinion section for my second term in the prestigious position. And what of the section this year? I guarantee it will be better than before. I will work tirelessly to ensure the improvement, which means the Herald's readers have figuratively purchased a toaster. So what am I actually going to do to make the section better? How can I justify such a bold guarantee? It is simple really; I am going to guide the section's continued evolution. I am not promising a revolution. My first year as opinion editor can be considered to have ushered in that revolution. The revolution is over, and now evolution is required to take us to new heights. This development obviously parallels the end of War Communism and the introduction of the New Economic Policy in 1921 in the Soviet Union. I am sure that what you expect now is some sort of programme that will guide this evolution, and that is what I have hastily prepared: the positive elements from last year will endure, and will be improved upon where possible; the negative elements have been liquidated.

As for the specifics, an asinine more/fewer list should placate the bourgeois phrasemongers among you. Hopefully this list, in addition to the remainder of this month's section, gives the readers and idea of what is to be done. And I even managed to avoid using empty adjectives that would make me sound even more pretentious than I did before.



"And what of the Opinion section this year? I guarantee it will be better than before."

What is essential to the opinion section's value is not that the writers or myself find the topics important. It is for that reason they are written. What is essential is that the reader finds the topics important or interesting enough to read; if they give the section the benefit of the doubt, reading the articles will allow the reader to see that the topics are important. Nevertheless, the section will still strive to preserve the positive aspects of its dynamism from last year. Humorous or satirical pieces will still have a place here, albeit limited. This year's section will be focused on presenting intelligent opinions to those who have none.

Presently, the Opinion section will have a local focus in regard to political and social issues. While the University and the city are the most favourable topics, the pressing issues of the province and occasionally the country may be addressed. This desired focus does not preclude more general topics that do not conform to the aforementioned geographically-based paradigms. Whether or not this will prove viable will be determined in practice, as theory does not always produce the desired results.

I hope to bring a renewed Opinion section to the Herald, with new designs, new writers, and renewed creativity. As such, I will let everyone know what I would like in regard to potential contributions. Firstly, it is important that you be writing about an opinion you have on a topic. This may seem obvious, but I can assure the readers that I have received writing that is devoid of coherent opinion. Accordingly, I chose not to accept such work. It is important that an opinion piece actually state an opinion, as the title of the article is not enough. For example, an opinion piece that tells the story of a frosh not liking their frosh leaders, and how stupid they were all week, is not an opinion piece. Writing about how frosh leaders are poorly chosen and that a new method is needed, and using the unpleasant experiences of frosh week to

criticize the system, would be a more valid contribution to the Opinion section. I do not want to make writing an opinion piece as difficult and unpleasant as writing an essay, nor do I want it to be essentially reserved for English majors; I simply want people who have opinions to express to do so in a clear and intelligent manner.

Secondly, the more technical aspects of what I would like to see submitted are as follows: submissions of 500 words and under are preferred unless exceptional quality or importance negate the limit; Personal info is welcomed with the article (major, reason for writing), otherwise it will largely be imagined; I also reserve the right to edit work in order to ensure clarity or conform to space limitations. Thirdly, it is necessary that a photo to be published with the piece be included, otherwise a suitable replacement photo will accompany the article. Finally, I would like to challenge the readers to submit an opinion piece that will be the 'point' to which I provide a counterpoint. The topic is open to the author to choose, however submission does not guarantee publication.

As for the heroic Opinion editor of last year, he will still have a prominent role in the section. With the expected increase in interest and submissions to the section that the coming year and its frosh bring, he will have to shoulder less of the burden of the section's writing. You can continue to watch for his work under the names of Steve Byzantine (although he may also be a real person), Olena Ulyanov, The Renegade Kautsky, and Mr. History, all of which are in fact Steven Jug. The identity of these authors is a secret no longer. I hope you contribute to the section, enjoy its opinions, and the direction it takes in 2001-2002.

Steven is a 3rd year student at Innis specializing in History and minoring in Russian Language and Literature.

More and Fewer

More: point-counterpoint, titles you likely need an Hon. BA in History to appreciate (i.e. What Is To Be Done?), author names you likely need an Hon. BA in History to appreciate (i.e. The Renegade Kautsky), people other than me writing opinion pieces, exciting photos related to the contributors, words and phrases not commonly used since the turn of the 20th century, and finally, more social criticism.

Fewer: bafflingly long articles with bafflingly little value, naming name articles that upset the Innis philistines, sections written exclusively by the editor, articles that are not controversial, and last on this short list, fewer Opinion sections that do not contain heaping criticism.

What kind of student are you?

OLENA ULYANOV

ANOTHER DEAD HERO

For the sake of a brief analysis, there are two types of student. Both frosh and upper years should ask themselves what type of student they are. The first sees university as a place to expand their mind and grow as a person, to embrace the idealism of youth (if only for a period) and try to change the world. They want to challenge their own views and find out what they really believe. I encourage those students to become active in whatever ways they think they can help, perhaps most importantly by joining OCAP to SHUT DOWN BAY STREET on October 16th.

The other type of student is characteristically unconcerned with learning, not really interested in their subjects, or even their major, known to say "I'm not in class, I don't want to think;" believing themselves to be perfect and therefore possessed of a perfect worldview, and concerned with drinking at every opportunity. I encourage the latter type of students to watch as much television as possible, keep their wardrobe in step with the latest trends, and continue to think they are incapable of doing wrong.

If you do care and you do want to fight for common good, then I applaud you. Otherwise, ignorance is bliss. Keep it up.

A Question Of Principle

JULIA MACARTHUR

The only reason students have jobs is for the money. Although there may be some nobler aspirations in the work force, I have not come across them. We need money; that is the bottom line. I, myself, am paying for university, and for living. That's it. I was told that one of the nice things about university is the four-month summers; one can make a lot of money in four months.



I understand how our society works. I may be idealistic, but I am not altogether naïve. I know that things cost money, and if I didn't want things, I wouldn't need a job. However, there is a line that exists between want and desperation, between working and self-destruction. In preparing to write this article, I began talking to my acquaintances about their own experiences. The one thing that astounded me the most was the amount of dissatisfaction, danger, and moral disregard we will endure to make money.

There are a basic three categories when it comes to summer jobs: the Cash, the Experience, and the Bottom. All of these categories have the opportunity to be difficult or dogging, and depending on one's work ethic and susceptibility to boredom, one's ideal job lies somewhere in that vertical. There is a surprisingly large number of people who, although they may not altogether enjoy their jobs, actually strive to help people, and perhaps even learn something themselves.

One rarely finds these employees at the Bottom, which includes any job in which the employee either: detests every moment spent at work each day, abhors the co-workers, and/or believes the time and energy spent is not worth the rate of pay. People get stuck with jobs on the Bottom: sixteen year olds who have no experience, who have no résumé, who just need enough cash to get their jollies on the weekend, or anyone else who is in dire enough straits to do anything short of criminal acts for money. Jobs on the Bottom rarely, if ever, are able to avoid abjectly humiliating the employee, be it via polyester uniforms, strenuous physical labour, disrespectful management, or mistreatment by customers. The remarkable thing about jobs such as these (usually found in the service industry) is that occasionally one will come across a genuinely friendly, efficient, and concerned employee, which should go neither unnoticed nor unappreciated.

The Cash is just that, and often involves strenuous labour, dangerous circumstances, and drastic lifestyle changes. Oftentimes, people sacrifice their own comfort and necks to make heavy cash. Although it is usually their own decision to do so, one has to wonder how much this dollar is worth to them. I suppose desperation changes one's view of personal safety, or at least one's willingness to endanger oneself. This is also usually the area of employment in which morals come into question. For example, would I support the logging industry if it hadn't paid my tuition this year? I had never before. And believe me, I see the irony of printing paper trails for the lawyers' office (summer job #2) on the leaves shorn by the company for whom I was contracted to plant trees not three months earlier.

The job of Experience is prep work for a future career, and can often be fulfilling and enjoyable, although the condition of working is that employee would not do it if not for the pay cheque. The major problem with a job such as this is that instead of getting an opportunity to try out one's skills, and to take the career for a test drive, so to speak, one almost inevitably ends up doing bitch work for the disillusioned professionals who are too busy to nurture our enthusiasm. Again, I understand that the world of work moves along the mythical corporate ladder, but really, one would think that in this world of exploration, those fools would recognize that we have youthful exuberance and creativity. Why aren't they taking advantage of our innocent fecundating minds? Do we really get the feel of a job by having to shred paper, cut lettuce, or organize beakers?

All in all, those four blissful months that are supposed to be a haven of relaxation are nothing more than humiliation and endangerment that ruin our ethics and shake our morals. I definitely feel as though I have one foot in the gr - real world. That is for what we are preparing, isn't it? Putting our collective nose to the grindstone to file away those unnecessary and unsightly signs of excitement and originality. It is a horrible Catch-22 that I am sacrificing just those assets to make money so I may educate myself at the mercy of the evil corporate empire in whose grip we all struggle. With morals down the tubes and work ethic at nil, I will become yet another well-dressed, power-walking, unimaginative cog-in-the-machine who carries her briefcase on Fridays, even though she swore when she was seventeen that she never ever would.

Oh well, it pays the bills. Some of them, at least.

Julia struggles against the evil grip of corporations year-round as a 2nd year Innis student majoring in English and History who contributed to the Herald last year. She is poised to become a regular feature in the Opinion section.

At Least I Saved Myself

STEVEN JUG

I wish to present to the readers of the Herald a brief discussion of my summer, which I hope will allow readers to gain some insight into my personality and what shapes the opinions I share in the section. This summer was one of substantial personal evolution, which I believe will echo in the section for the coming year. Perhaps frosh will benefit most from this piece, as they will be able to better understand what I might be looking for in submissions, instead of emailing me and asking for a topic (although that is not a problem).

I had an interesting summer away from school, which consisted of four months dominated by mindless wage-slavery at a plumbing concern (like a waking nightmare); an obvious contrast from the eight months of learning and freedom I will soon enjoy. The period of work I suffered thorough did have some value, because I gained immense insight into the thoughts and life of the worker.

I did not spend the entire summer mindlessly engaged in my cog-in-the-machine role, and in fact read twelve books, which I believe is an adequate substitute for the period I was not attending classes. These books (listed in the order they were read) are primarily non-fiction (ten of the twelve), although I would like to point out that an equal number of books fall into the respective subjects of history and politics. *The Man Who Invented and inventor, Nikola Tesla*. Following that was *A Short History Of Byzantium, Famous Last Words*, by Timo-

thy Findley (fiction); *The Revolt of the Masses*, *The Lenin Anthology*, *War and Revolution in European Society, 1770-1870*, *Starship Troopers*, by Robert A. Heinlein (fiction); *The Social Contract*, *Gramsci's Marxists*, *Blackshirts & Reds*, *The Hapsburgs*; and finally, *The Napoleonic Wars*. This list of my summer reading should make clear my love of history and perhaps even learning in general, as my enthusiasm for university is based much more on my desire to return to classes than my desire to finish working.

For those of you with any interest in broadening your understanding of Western Civilization, I invite you to read *The Revolt of the Masses*, by Jose Ortega y Gasset. Do not be afraid, he is not one of those Marxist boogeymen your parents want you to avoid. He was a member of the Spanish government in the late twenties and early thirties, and his understanding about society in his own time is no less valid today. For those of you who are feeling truly adventurous, I invite you to read *The Lenin Anthology* edited by Robert C. Tucker, easily my favourite book of the dozen. I expect that no one will consider reading it, but those truly interested in the Russian Revolution will not be disappointed.

As for mass culture, it had little influence on me this summer, which is usually true year-round. I saw a film every week from the end of exam week to the middle of August, and I have little good to report. I do not want to step on the toes of the Film section, so I will be brief. All were mediocre at best, save two films. I am not sure which I enjoyed more, but in my un-educated film critic opinion I recommend *Lost & Delirious* and *Ghost World* to those interested.

The 20th Century is a biography of the grossly unappreciated scientist



As for the mass culture area of music, I was even less impressed. Nothing was valuable in this regard during the summer of 2001, save one album, which made up for the absence of any other worthwhile albums (although that Clint Eastwood is a very feel-good song) in terms of quality, if not quantity. The album of note was *Laterals by Tool*, which obviously postponed the end of the world because it was so remarkable. I also had the pleasure of seeing Tool in concert at the otherwise craptastic Edge Fest; the upcoming concert in Toronto promises to be even more mind-blowing.

The sum of events this summer has left me eagerly anticipating the month of September, and the joy it will surely bring. With university comes the Herald, and I look forward to the timely release of this first issue. Both the reading and writing I have engaged in this summer and my continued exposure to our wretched mass culture have definitely changed the outlook with which I contribute to and edit this section. I hope these opinions about my summer goings-on has allowed Herald readers (especially Frosh) to better understand me, because I believe that I am not the same editor I was in April. I encourage everyone interested in contributing to submit their opinion-based writing, and I hope to include all the opinions that space and quality considerations permit.